THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1881, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 63. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 725 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1884. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 28.

FOOTSTEPS.

BY A. L. P.

Footsteps over the sand—
Ah, my sister, I mark them well!
'Tis nothing that footsteps mark the strand,
But who shall read or tell
How feet of a man may tread down life
In the woman who thought to have been his wife!

Footsteps—nothing more!
The waves will soon rise wild and high,
Will sink, and smooth will be the shore
When the sands are clean and dry,—
As dry as my heart, and as clean as my soul,
And cold as the hopes that have brought but dole!

Thorns and Blossoms

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BLACK VEIL," "HER MOTHER'S CRIME," "A BROKEN WEDDING-RING," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—[CONTINUED.]

MISS ATHERTON saw in her mind's eye the branches of a spreading almond-tree and a handsome face bending over her.

She heard a voice, the music of which had long ceased for her, saying again and again, "Trust and love me, darling; you will see."

She had loved and trusted, and what had been the result?

Did a similar fate attend the fair child who had grown up by her side? Would her love and trust both be betrayed in similar fashion?

"You do not seem to me, to know your own mind," continued Miss Atherton. "Do you love this young artist or not?"

"I—I like him very much, aunt," faltered the girl.

"Like him!" repeated Miss Atherton scornfully. "What a word to use! Do you love him child? Do you feel as though you would die if you lost him?"

For once the passion that had so long been repressed shone in Miss Atherton's face, and the two young people standing before her looked at her in wonder.

It was as though a ghost had suddenly appeared before them, and vanished as it came.

"Speak up bravely!" whispered the young fellow. "Have no fear, Violet. Say that you love me."

Then she looked up, with sweet, shy eyes.

"I do love him aunt; and, if you are willing, I should like to marry him."

Miss Atherton looked at her niece's lover.

How handsome he was!

If she had not heard that he was an artist she would have felt convinced that he was an aristocrat.

The lofty bearing, the carriage of the head, the perfect features, all indicated high birth and breeding. Well, no wonder that our niece, foolish Violet, had been struck with him!

"I know," said Miss Atherton, speaking in her usual calm, even tones once more, "that I might as well try to stop the rush of the river as prevent the marriage of two young people, if they are bent upon it; but I suppose the madness of lovers will in some degree be swayed by common-sense. You wish to marry my niece, sir. Now tell me whether your means are sufficient to keep her, to surround her with the comforts to which she has always been accustomed."

A hot flush suffused Violet's fair face, while Lord Ryvers could scarcely restrain himself from bursting into loud laughter.

"I am bound to ask you whether your income is adequate to support the burden you propose to take upon yourself," persisted Miss Atherton.

"I am an artist, madam," he replied.

"But do you earn money enough to live upon?" the lady asked. "That is the practical question. It is all very well for a man to call himself an artist. The question is, what does he make by his art?"

"I can keep myself with perfect ease, madam," replied Lord Ryvers, with a smile.

"And what of my niece?" asked Miss Atherton.

"I can give the same answer as to your niece," he replied. "If you will forgive me for saying so, I shall provide her with even much greater comforts than you have done."

"What proof have you to give me of this?" she asked.

"I can only give you my word," he answered, with pride—"nothing else. If you trust your niece to me, you must take my word that I shall love, cherish, and protect her."

"Have you a home for her?" inquired Miss Atherton. "I do not approve of young people going into apartments."

He thought of Ryverswell, and smiled.

"I thought," he replied, "of going abroad for a year or two. Violet would like such an arrangement, I believe; so should I."

Miss Atherton raised her hands and eyes in protest.

This was indeed a climax. To go abroad, to wander like vagrants all over the Continent!

Nothing could be worse than wandering artists. Miss Atherton was at her wits' end.

"I suppose," she said despairingly, "that nothing will prevent his absurd nonsense, that no prayer or pleading of mine can put a stop to this imprudent marriage?"

"I am sure not," replied Lord Ryvers.

"Then I wash my hands of it," she said solemnly. "You have had the candor to tell me that my refusal or consent will make no difference. It is useless to forbid; I will not consent. I leave you to please yourselves; but I protest against it."

There was a moment of blank silence; then Violet spoke, her face pale with emotion.

"Aunt have you nothing to say to me kinder than this? I have no father to bless me, no mother to kiss me."

"I cannot speak kindly in a matter of which I so disapprove," said Miss Atherton with energy.

"I understand you neither refuse your consent to our union nor give it your sanction," said Lord Ryvers. "Then, if I ask you to allow the marriage to take place, we will say, on the twenty-second of September you will accede to my request?"

"I will neither accede nor refuse," replied Miss Atherton. "I enter my protest against such a foolish, senseless marriage. I can do no more. My niece is under my charge; until now she has been an adopted daughter to me. If she chooses to marry, I shall accompany her to church and see that all is right; but the day she leaves my house to become your wife, she leaves it for ever."

He turned with reckless impulse to Violet, and took her in his arms; he kissed the quivering lips and weeping eyes.

"My darling," he said, "do not be so distressed. It is time I took you away. If she is cruel, I will be kind; my love shall make up to you for the loss of all others'."

"When I was young," cried Miss Atherton, "girls had more modesty, young men more self-restraint."

"I should think you never were young, in the right sense of the word, Miss Atherton!" cried the young lord, angered by the tears of his betrothed.

Had she never been?

Over the seared, blighted heart passed a wave of memory.

"I do not wish to be cruel," she said. "I did not intend to make you unhappy, Violet; but I detest the very thought of matrimony and I think it is a sad thing to see a young girl like you ruin her whole life in this mad fashion;" and in spite of herself, a sigh escaped the grim woman as she thought how fair a thing was going out from her own life.

"It is a settled thing," said the young lord. "Violet is my betrothed wife, and on the twenty-second of September she will be my very own. But, in the interim, when may I be permitted to see her?"

"The house is open; you will never be refused admittance when you call; and you may call," she added, half unwillingly, "whenever you like."

She wondered why he smiled. He remembered pressing invitations lavished upon him by Belgravian mothers, prettily worded notes he had been in the habit of constantly receiving, and he enjoyed the present contrast.

This was wooing in the face of difficulties and no mistake!

"I thank you, madam," he added, raising his head with something of defiance—"once in the morning for a short time, to see how my—my future wife is; and I shall ask that I may spend my evening with her."

"My house will never be my own," declared Miss Atherton, a trifle irritably, "with a young man prowling about it."

"I will not prowl about the house, Miss Atherton," he replied, with some spirit. "I assure you that no one is less inclined to play the part of a tame cat than I am. When the evenings are fine, Violet and I shall enjoy a walk together. I shall not need to intrude on your hospitality."

She liked him all the better for that display of spirit.

Her heart was just a little touched by his handsome face and manly way.

Perhaps there was a slight feeling of envy that her niece should win such a husband, while the man whom she had loved had forsaken her.

"Do you love my niece?" she asked, with another of those sudden gleams of passion.

"I love her with my whole heart," he replied; and Miss Atherton said no more.

All the chivalry of the lover's heart was touched by the sweet pained face of the girl. It did seem hard that her engagement and marriage should be discussed in this cold calm manner.

"My darling," he said, taking her hand in his own warm clasp, "I am grieved for you; but I will make it all up to you. In the future my life shall be devoted to your service."

"I do not wish to interrupt any sentimental scenes," said Miss Atherton, "but I wish to make one remark—it is a commonplace one, I am aware. You tell me that you hope to keep your wife and yourself by your work. What is to become of your work, if you are to visit my niece twice each day, and to spend the rest of your life in paying her devoted attention?"

An amused smile crossed his face.

"What a practical, sensible woman you are, Miss Atherton! You know the old Latin quotation, 'To work is to pray.' I must change it into this, 'To work is to love.' I must prove my love by my work."

"It will be well if you do so," she observed quietly. "And now, if you have no more to say on the matter, I will leave you."

"You will let Violet remain with me for a few minutes?" he entreated.

Miss Atherton shrugged her shoulders.

"In ten minutes' time Violet will be wanted to make tea; she can remain with you until then. I wish you good afternoon," she said ungraciously.

With head erect, Miss Atherton quitted the room; yet, as she crossed the little hall, something that had been long dead in her heart awoke, and filled her eyes with tears.

Ah, that sweet long ago!

Her hair was not gray then, but waving and bright.

She was not angular, grim, and stern in those days, but blithe and happy.

Alas for the lost youth, the lost, lost love!

Alas for the days which would return no more!

"It will be just the same with her," she thought. "She will love and hope, trust and wait, and meet with betrayal in the end."

Meanwhile the young lover impatiently clasped his beautiful sweetheart to his arms.

"My darling," he cried, "what a terrible woman for you to live with! How well you have borne the trying ordeal through which you have passed!"

"Randolph," she said gently, "why have you taken me so entirely by surprise? Why did you not tell me you were coming to see my aunt?"

"For the best of all reasons, my dear. You would not have allowed me to come; you would have found a hundred reasons why my visit should be deferred. Now is not that true, Violet?"

"Perhaps so," she replied.

"And, my dear," he said, "it is all very well; but I could not bear much more of this suspense. Oh, Violet, my darling, will you ever understand how tender and deep is my love for you?"

* * * * * * *

The twenty-second of September was one of the fairest days that ever dawned, bright and warm, with a clear blue sky.

The wedding-day had come quickly.

Once, and only once, had Violet mentioned her approaching marriage to the stern woman whose heart had been seared in her youth.

"Aunt," she had ventured to say, "when girls are married, they have a nice wedding-dress, do they not?"

"Some do, and some do not," she replied.

"They have new clothes, do they not? Do you know, aunt, that I have but two dresses?"

"Yes, I know," replied Miss Atherton; "but I cannot help it. I have found the money to educate, clothe, and feed you. I shall not attempt to defray the expenses of your marriage."

The tears rose to Violet's eyes.

"Must I leave home," she said, "without even a decent dress to be married or to travel in?"

"I am afraid so," replied Miss Atherton "If you were going to settle in any other way, I would part with half my income to be of service to you; but I will not raise one finger to help you to get married."

Violet said to her lover that same evening—

"Randolph, did you tell me one day that you liked the blue dress I wear better than any you have ever seen?"

"Yes, a thousand times better," he replied—"better than the royal robes of a queen, or the court dress of a duchess."

"What do you know of queens or duchesses?" she asked laughingly.

He checked himself just in time.

"At least, Violet, I like it better than any dress I have seen worn by royal and stately dames in a picture."

"I am so glad," she said. Then looking at him with sweet pained eyes she whispered, "Randolph, I want to speak to you about something very important."

He was delighted, charmed.

"What is it, my darling?" he asked. "You make me the happiest man in the

world. What do you wish to speak to me about?"

"I wonder if you will mind it very much," she said, clasping her white hands round his arm—the nearest approach to a caress that she had ever given him.

She looked up with such anxious, wistful eyes into his face that he thought she must surely have some great favor to ask him. He gave a sudden start of alarm.

"Oh, Violet," he cried, "you are not surely going to ask me to let Miss Atherton live with us?"

She laughed so heartily that her hands fell from his arm, and all the pathos died from her face.

"It is not one half so dreadful as that. Oh, Randolph, what an idea! Why, Randolph, aunt Alice would no more live in the same house with a man than she would fly! You could not dread her more than she dreads you; but it was not of her I wished to speak. Randolph, I am so dreadfully ashamed to tell you.

"You can surely say anything you like to me!" he replied. "Take courage, my darling. If it be the half of my kingdom that you desire, you shall have it."

"What kingdom have you except in the realms of fancy?" she said, with a laugh. "Randolph, it is about my wedding-dress I want to speak to you."

Once more she clasped her white hands round his arm, and gazed with wistful eyes into her lovers face.

"Randolph, now tell me the absolute truth. Should you mind very much if I were married in my old blue dress?"

"Not one whit," he answered staunchly. "To my mind, no other dress could suit you so well."

"It seems a very shabby thing to be married in an old dress," she said; "but I have no money of my own, and my aunt is so angry with me that I am afraid I shall have no more dresses until——"

"Until I buy you some," he interrupted. "That will be delightful."

Violet's mind was greatly relieved; she felt more blithe and happy than ever.

Very likely, she thought to herself, when she was married, if Randolph were really successful with a picture, she might have even three new dresses at once—almost as many as she had ever dared to contemplate in her whole life.

The next day was a dull one for her.

Randolph said that he had business to attend to in town; he must run up for a day or two; he wanted some fresh materials for painting; and the tradespeople made such mistakes, it would be better for him to go himself.

Violet was very unwilling for him to leave her.

It would be so dull, she said.

Her aunt was so cross with her, and, if he went away, what was she to do?

Still it was only for two days; and they parted with kisses and tears.

It was the first time she had shed tears over him, the first time she had kissed him; and the young lover's heart was aglow.

He returned with plenty of new material for work, he said, and happy because his wedding-day was drawing near.

One morning, aunt and niece were sitting at the window, Miss Atherton a little grimmer than usual.

"The carrier is coming here, Violet," the latter observed suddenly. "What can he want?"—for the visit of the carrier was a great event at the secluded cottage.

"He has brought the grocer's parcel, I should think, aunt," replied Violet.

"Why, my dear," cried Miss Atherton, surprised beyond measure, "it is a box—two—two large boxes! Do see what it means and if there is anything to pay."

No, there was nothing to pay; and the carrier brought in the boxes.

They were too large to stand in the entrance hall, so Miss Atherton ordered them to be brought into the dining-room, an innovation that caused Violet to wonder.

"From London!" cried Miss Atherton. "Now, Violet, lose no time. Stay; do not cut the cords, they may be useful. I will untie them."

Miss Atherton knelt down by the great trunks, and, after long and patient labor, the knots were untied, the lids thrown back.

In each lay a white card bearing this inscription—

"To my sweetheart."

"Aunt," cried Violet, "what does this mean?"

"We shall soon see," replied Miss Atherton, beginning to unpack with vigorous hands.

The first thing she took out was a beautiful wedding-dress made of pale blue silk, the very fac simile of the blue dress Violet had, except that it was made of silk instead of cashmere, and prettily trimmed with white lace and orange-blossoms; there was a simple and elegant white veil; there was the wedding-wreath, all orange-blossoms; and, when Miss Atherton took it up in her hands, all unconsciously her tears fell upon it.

"Aunt Alice, do you see your tears have fallen on my orange-blossoms?" Violet exclaimed.

Miss Atherton looked at her with wistful eyes.

"My dear," she said gently, "believe me, there is nothing so sad or so pitiful in life as the sharp cruel thorns the orange-blossoms hide!"

Then they found dainty silk slippers, white gloves, a lace handkerchief—in short, everything requisite for a bridal toilette, not magnificent, but simple and very beautiful.

The next thing was a complete traveling-costume, composed of fawn-colored velvet.

Then there were two evening-dresses, over which aunt Alice shook her head in undisguised horror, one of dark, the other of light silk.

There were also two or three pretty walking-costumes and a morning dress.

But there was something more wonderful still—a parcel addressed to Miss Atherton.

She opened it, and found a black silk dress, a shawl, a cap of point lace, and many other things for which she had longed, but which she had never possessed. With all these things spread around them, aunt and niece looked at each other.

"These are the gifts of your lover, Violet" said the stern lady, with a slight relaxation of the face. "He is very generous, I must say, but equally imprudent. He must have spent all he has in the world."

"He has sold a picture," said Violet, to whom the selling of a picture accounted for everything wonderful in a financial way.

"Probably," said Miss Atherton; "but, if he squanders in this way all the money he makes by his pictures, what will you live upon?"

"He will not do it again," said Violet; "it is only this once. Perhaps, after all, he did not really like the idea of my being married in an old blue dress."

"You have discussed the subject with him then?" said Miss Atherton drily.

"Oh, yes!" replied Violet eagerly. "I told him I had little choice in the matter of dress, and he said nothing could suit me better than the old blue cashmere; he never hinted even at making me this present. Perhaps he has more money than most of the artists who have come to sketch at St. Byno's."

"He certainly knows how to spend it," said Miss Atherton; and she made many mental comments on the matter.

She did not do what Violet had feared—forbid her to keep the contents of the box; she accepted her own share, and was pleased to do so.

CHAPTER IX.

IT was Violet Beaton's wedding-day, the twenty-second of September.

The sun shone, as it had not for some days, with a radiant warmth that gladdened the whole earth.

"My wedding-day!" was Violets thought on opening her eyes; but there was no passionate rush of happiness through her heart; she was simply well pleased, well content. She liked to think of her handsome young lover, to remember the loving look in his eyes, to think of the music of his voice; it was pleasant to recall the loving words he had lavished upon her, to remember how fond he was of her.

"And from to-day," said the girl to herself, "I shall be always with him; we shall never be apart again. I wonder if I shall like that?"

After thinking over the matter for a short time, she came to the conclusion that it would be, in her girlish mode of expression, "very nice."

It would be "nice," in the first place to have a companion who was young and light of heart.

She thought of his kindness, of his indulgence to her, of the caressing voice in which he had always spoken to her.

She thought of her pretty dresses, of all the beautiful presents he had made her.

The life lying before them seemed so fair.

He was to take her to all the lovely spots of which she had read and heard, and then they were to settle in a quiet, beautiful home; and then—well her imagination failed her—then there was something like a blank.

She could not realize what was to come, after all the excitement of traveling was over.

There was no longing for home, and, above all, for home with him, in her heart; but it would all be nice, pleasant, cheery, sunshiny—different from the lonely life she had led with her grim old aunt.

Yet pleasant as was the prospect before her, there was some sensation of pain at leaving the old life.

It meant good-bye to so many things—to the pretty cottage, to the bonnie woods, to the rushing river, to St. Byno's, to stern, silent aunt Alice, who, despite her severity, had a tender spot in her heart which Violet had never quite reached. It meant good-bye to the dreams and visions of girlhood about which there had been a fragrance sweeter than that which hung about this present hour.

In short, although she admired her lover, and thought him almost perfection, although she liked him very much, and the prospect of a life spent with him was pleasant to her, although she had promised to marry him, she was far from passionately in love with him.

He had hoped to waken her heart from its childlike sleep; he had stirred it, but had not roused it to life.

There seemed nothing wanting to her, as she dressed for the simple ceremony that was to take place at the parish church of St. Byno's.

Of the many weddings that had taken place in the old church, none had been quieter or simpler than this.

Indeed, no one seemed to know there was a wedding.

As a rule, when any one was married the inhabitants of St. Byno's flocked to see the ceremony.

But on this occasion the little church was empty.

No little crowd, with wondering eyes, stood round the old stone porch; the bells that had rung for the marriages and deaths of so many generations were silent now.

The young lover, thinking of his darling's fine lace veil and dainty dress, had insisted upon a carriage—not from "The Barley Mow" at St. Byno's, but from "The Ratcliffe Arms" at Carrington; then the people of St. Byno's would know nothing of it.

That was the last "straw" to Miss Atherton.

A veil and wreath had been bad enough, but a carriage was more than she felt she could bear.

Miss Atherton declared that she had a keen sense of the fitness of things, and that for the orphan daughter of a poor doctor a veil a wreath, and a carriage were absurd. In fact such things belonged to the order she detested, the aristocrats; and she would have none of them.

"But," said the young lover, "how could my beautiful bride walk through the high-road in a dainty wedding-dress, which would be caught by the brambles and thorns?"

Miss Atherton's sense of economy came to her aid.

The dress being expensive and beautiful, it certainly would be foolish to allow it to trail over the grass and the dying leaves.

So the carriage came from "The Ratcliffe Arms" at Carrington, and the wedding party, consisting of Lord Ryvers, Violet, and Miss Atherton, drove to church.

"To think," said Miss Atherton, "that at my age I should be present at a wedding—I, who have protested against love and marriage all these years."

Her manner was a protest still, for nothing could have been more grim and stern.

The Rev. Maurice Thorn, to whom both aunt and neice were well known, looked in astonishment at the wedding party.

But Miss Atherton herself knew only too well the secret of her presence there. She had come that with her own eyes she might see every precaution taken as to the validity of Violet's marriage.

One of Miss Atherton's fixed ideas was that, sooner or later, every man grew tired of his wife, and would be glad to free himself from her in any way he could.

This she was quite determined the young artist should never do, if by any means she could prevent it.

He was taking her niece away, just as she had grown not merely a useful but pleasant companion.

He should not have it in his power to leave her when he was tired of her.

Lord Ryvers had felt embarrassed about his name.

One day, when they were speaking on the subject, he had told Violet that his name was Randolph.

She had thought it strange that he should be called Randolph Randolph; still many people had the same Christian name as surname; and she had scarcely given another thought to the matter until there had been a question of packing and directing her trunks, when she had blushed and laughed to see her name—"Mrs. Randolph"—in great letters.

Lord Ryvers was no less anxious than Miss Atherton that everything should be perfectly legal and in order, even to the name.

He gave it boldly as "Randolph Ryvers Randolph," no one paying any attention to the intermediate name.

Miss Atherton heard it when the minister asked, 'Randolph Ryvers Randolph, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" but it did not strike her as being in any way peculiar, nor did she think any further of the matter.

There had been no preparations for a wedding-breakfast.

Miss Atherton would not hear of any; but Lord Ryvers had seen tears in Violet's eyes and had acted in accordance with what he believed to be her wish.

"I cannot imagine any one married without a wedding-cake," Violet had said pitifully.

To marry without money or love might be a venial offence, but without a wedding-cake was not to be dreamed of. The eager young lover sent off to London and ordered a bride-cake.

It was a necessity that they should return to the cottage after the ceremony; even Miss Atherton owned, with a snap that almost annihilated Lord Ryvers for a time, that Violet could not start for the Continent in a veil and wreath.

"I never intended her to enter my doors after she was married," said Miss Atherton; "but in this case it cannot be helped."

To her surprise, when they reached home, the table in the pretty little parlor was set, decorated with beautiful flowers, the bride-cake being placed in the middle between—worst of all!—two bottle of champagne.

Lord Ryvers was amused at her frankly expressed horror.

He thought and thought justly, that this was one of the most original of weddings.

There was no kiss, no caress, no wishing of happiness or joy; not that it had mattered, for he was in an elysium of love and Violet in a maze of delight.

She laughed when Miss Atherton looked at the table, and, uplifting her hands cried—

"Bride-cake and champagne in my house!"

"They generally accompany love and marriage," said Lord Ryvers.

"They generally accompany extravagance and ruin!" cried Miss Atherton, and she steadfastly refused to touch one drop of the sparkling wine.

"This is my first glass of champagne," said Violet. "I have often thought how delicious it must be, but have never tasted it."

"I hope your life will be as clear, and bright as the wine in your glass," cried the young husband.

Miss Atherton gazed solemnly at her.

"I hope it will be your last, Violet. You have married an extravagant man, who will never rest until he has ruined himself. I hope you will have more sense than to fall in with his absurd notions."

"I shall try my best to be sensible, aunt," replied the fair young bride.

She could laugh now that she would soon be away; but Miss Atherton's coldness and sharp biting tongue had always been a great trouble to her.

The beautiful face of the young bride on her wedding-morning was pale as a white rose.

The novelty, the bright life before her, were delightful, but she missed what enhances the happiness of most girls—a mother's kiss and a father's cheery blessing.

When the obnoxious champagne was finished, and some little inroad had been made into the bride-cake, it was time to go.

Lord Ryvers had detained the carriage that they might drive to Carrington railway-station.

When Miss Atherton heard that, she subsided into stony silence; no other words were needed, or used.

"The end of all this extravagance must come," she repeated to herself again and again; "those people who would sleep upon roses must feel the thorns"—seeming to derive great satisfaction from the thought.

The moment came in which aunt and niece bade each other farewell; and then Violet looked into the stern cold face with weeping eyes.

"Give me one kind word, one kind wish, aunt," she said. "It seems cruel that I should leave what has been my home without one kind word."

"You have pleased yourself; you have married in defiance of my wishes, you have married a man who seems to think extravagance a virtue. I have a few words for you—words of prophecy—that you will find thorns, sharp and long, in your orange-blossoms."

Years afterwards the words returned to Violet's mind, and she knew that they indeed had been prophetic.

Lord Ryvers overheard them and hastened to her.

It was useless now for Miss Atherton to look horrified or turn aside.

He took Violet in his arms, before her very eyes and kissed her.

She was his wife, and no one could interfere.

"Do not listen, darling," he cried; "there is not one single thorn in your beautiful orange-blossoms, and, if there were, I would take it away. If aunt Alice cannot say good-bye to you kindly, we will leave her without."

Miss Atherton did not yield; she was firm to the last; and they parted from her without even the semblance of a good wish.

"She will come back to me yet," was her comment, as the carriage drove away; "and then—then I shall see the thorns amid the orange-blossoms."

But when they had gone, when the last sound of the carriage-wheels had died away and no echo came of the horses' feet, then the blighted, embittered heart bled.

Oh, why had Heaven been so good to this girl, fair of face, and so cruel to her? Why had love been sent to her as a fever of pain, as a madness of misery?

Yet to this girl it was a golden dream of happiness, realized for the present, even if it ended in the blackness and bitterness of death.

She paced up and down the garden paths, by which she hollyhocks grew, and her whole soul revolted against the decree of Heaven.

Why was she old, worn, and haggard? Why had she no fond husband, no sweet children?

Why had she missed all that was fair and pleasant in life?

The old pain and passion that had once slept awoke with bitter clamor, bitter anguish.

"Why is it?" she cried, with clasped hands and upraised eyes. "Why is it? Merciful Heaven! Why the cross for me and the crown for her? Why for me the bitterness of gall, for her the sweetness of honey? Why for her the wine of life, for me the lees?"—forgetting that there are secrets that will be known only when the whole of life lies bare before us, that life of which we see only part.

Meanwhile, the happy bride and bridegroom had left care and trouble behind. The day was glorious, the bride beautiful and well content, if not in raptures, the bridegroom beside himself with delight. He was so deeply, so utterly in love himself that he did not observe any deficiency in her.

That she was delighted, smiled at all she saw, enjoyed everything with such sweet simplicity, seemed enough to him. A man who is dazzled by the light of the sun does not see the faint light of a star. He was so dazed with his own love, "so mighty, so pure, and true," that he did not see any deficiency in hers.

He thought himself the most fortunate man in the world that had won so fair and innocent a bride.

He knew that in his sphere the rule was to marry for money, rank, or position, but seldom for love.

He remembered how often he had laughed at barefaced angling for a coronet, and how with his laughter had been mingled contempt.

He had seen some of the fairest girls in England led to the altar by men who were not worthy to touch even the hem of their garments; yet, their vices and sins being

well gilded, no one ever resented them. He remembered this, and congratulated himself that his marriage would be one of a thousand; he was married for himself, for love, married to one who not only was ignorant of his claim to birth and fortune, actually detested both, and would not knowingly have married an aristocrat—would not have married him had she known who he really was, for the teachings of Miss Atherton had sunk deeply into the heart and mind of her niece.

The happy young bridegroom listened with a smile on his lips to Violet's denunciations of the aristocracy.

How little she dreamed that she was speaking to a representative man of the very class she abhorred!

He was young, and the world lay bright before him.

He never thought of the day in which she would learn the truth, and perhaps resent having had such deception practiced upon her.

He did not look beyond the happy present, this beautiful wedding-morn, the honeymoon that was never to end, with the never-ceasing melody of its sweet love-story.

He was too young to anticipate trouble; and he began his married life as blithely as if he had not had the proudest woman in England for his mother, and the most thorough hater of all aristocrats for his wife.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Two Lockets.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

I AM a seafaring man, and have sailed the seas for many a year.

I was born on the ocean, they tell me, and I trust when I die I shall be buried there.

My ship is all I have, and takes the place that home and wife and children hold in most men's hearts.

I was not always so, though.

Once I had other dreams and fancies.

I was in love with the prettiest girl, the sweetest, the best, it seemed to me, that ever lived.

She was old Captain Palmer's daughter, and a belle as well as a beauty.

People said she was a coquette; but I did not believe them.

Could she help smiling and blushing, and speaking softly, and looking like an angel, and if men fell in love with her for that, and asked her to marry them, must she needs love them too?

I quarrelled with Mrs. Captain Gordon about her when she warned me not to lose my heart to one who played with men's feelings as a cat did with a mouse.

"Beauty like hers," said, "makes women envious, and no woman can believe another can be more admired than she is herself, without the use of some very evil witchery."

After that Mrs. Gordon never spoke to me again, and she served me right.

I believe now she said what she did from the best of motives, and for my good.

You couldn't blame me, though, if you had seen Alice.

After falling in love with her, of course, I tried to win her.

I was young, but I was already captain of a ship, and I knew I could give her as good a home as she deserved.

If I could make her like me, I knew that Captain Palmer would not object.

And after a while I began to think that perhaps I could.

At last, I proposed to her and she accepted me.

It was on the eve of a twelvemonths' voyage, and it was like death to tear myself away from her.

When I returned it was to claim her for my own.

We are well acquainted with the dangers of the sea, we sailors, if we do not fear them, and I felt that it was the most prudent course not to marry until I came back from a cruise of that length.

It was enough to know she loved me, and that I had a right to love her.

So we said good-bye one morning, and she vowed to be true to me, and I put a little ring on her finger, and she slipped one on mine.

I cannot believe that she did not love me then.

There were tears in her sweet eyes as I kissed her.

We sailed away on a bright October day, and I saw the land fade into the blue distance with a pang I never had thought I could feel at leaving land behind me.

Of course, I knew letters must be few and far between, but they came as often as I could have expected them at first, and when I failed to find one at any port where I had hoped that it should be, I knew what a chance it was, and said, "I know my girl has written," and lauded to myself just what she would have said, and made up my mind to pretend to myself that I had had one.

I did not feel anxious about her, she was such a picture of youth, health and happiness.

And as for being jealous, why it seemed as though the curl of soft brown hair that I wore over my heart in a little locket, with her picture on the side, was a certain talisman against that.

So I sailed on over the ocean, doing my duty, I hope, but dreaming of my home-going all the while.

At last the time had passed, and we were homeward-bound, when one morning—as fine a day as one could hope for—there was a sudden cry of horror from almost everyone on board.

The most awful sight that can be seen upon the ocean had suddenly burst upon us—the sight of a ship on fire—a fine steamer, it seemed.

But nothing was certain, for, from one end to the other, it was little more than a sheet of flame.

It is a sight worse than any common shipwreck can be, and if you have never seen it, you have no idea what it is.

Of course, our duty was plain.

We must offer what help we could.

And yet we had a duty to our own passengers.

They must not be placed in any danger of the same calamity.

Some of them were such cowards that they begged us to pass on without stopping.

Others were perfectly unconscious of the danger, and desired us to risk all for the sake of mercy.

Of course I did what we knew best for all.

And, by God's help we saved many a poor creature, man, woman and child, and amongst them the captain of the steamer.

He was the last to leave, and we heard all along how brave he was, and how forgetful of himself.

When I heard his name, I knew that it was only what might be expected of him, for it was Captain Hayden, of the "Queen of the Sea,"—a braver man did not live—and I thought, even as he came on board blackened with smoke, and scorched with flame, and exhausted with the toil and agony of so many awful hours, there could not be a handsomer.

My heart opened to him as though he were a brother, and I stepped forward to welcome him.

When, suddenly, all my liking and admiration changed to repugnance.

I felt a cold, sickly, horrible hate fill my heart.

Though I forced myself to utter the words of welcome and sympathy, which were his due, they sounded false to my own ears.

You wonder what the reason of this change could be, I suppose.

I answer emphatically, there was none whatever.

No perceptible reason.

On the contrary, there was every reason to admire and love him.

My feelings disgusted me with myself.

Captain Hayden's hands were much burnt, and he was very much exhausted.

I took him to my cabin at once, and helped the doctor to make him comfortable.

I swore that nothing should make my wicked dislike for him alter my conduct in any way.

Yet as I sat and watched him, after his pain was eased, asleep, with his handsome head upon my pillow, I felt myself hating him worse than ever.

"Has Satan entered into me?" I asked myself, and if I did not pray in words, I prayed at heart to be delivered from him at once.

I had enough to do, of course.

There were sufferers on board who needed attention, a few, not many, thank Heaven, who had lost relatives.

All were without dry clothing or comforts of any kind.

Our passengers were good to them, as people generally are at such times, I must say, but there was a great deal of grief and excitement.

Some who had lost money raved over it.

I shall never forget one elderly Jewess, who sat wringing her hands, glittering with rings, and lamenting her trunk.

"It was so very valuable, so very valuable," she moaned.

And near her sat a woman whose husband had been drowned, staring at her in amazement, wondering amidst her grief that anyone to whom the lives of those she loved had been spared, could weep over lost silver and gold.

In a few hours Captain Hayden was amongst us, doing all he could, and refusing to be treated like an invalid, though he surely was one.

Through the voyage he never proved himself less than a true and noble gentleman.

And yet I hated him, and I could not help it.

He did not guess my thoughts.

He thought me a stiff, formal sort of fellow, I suppose.

He had made up his mind that he owed me a great debt of gratitude for the common humanity I had shown him—and one day he had an opportunity of proving it.

It was a stormy day, and the deck was slippery, and the ship tossing as I never knew her to toss before.

A hand we had had trouble with before, had been giving us more all day, and at last fairly fell to fighting with a messmate.

I had stepped between them to separate them, and the fellow had struck me a blow.

It was sudden, and I was not prepared for it.

I staggered under it.

The vessel lurched, and in an instant more I was over the side, in the seething water.

At any other time I was as good a swimmer as any, but the blow I had received, had, for the moment, benumbed my right arm, and I had no power to save myself.

"Great Heaven! must I die without seeing Alice again?" I thought.

And then a strong arm clasped me.

Captain Hayden had saved my life; but even while I thanked him for it, surely from my heart, I felt that some strange hate for him.

So that I wondered whether madness were stealing over me, and showed itself in this way.

A friend he had just proven himself, and yet I felt as though he were my enemy.

One, too, who had done me some great and terrible harm.

When we came in sight of home again, we were all glad of it. I think you know what my reasons were.

The voyage had scarcely been pleasant to any, since our wails and strays had overcrowded the boat.

To many of them, the landing would bring home, friends, and hope again.

Captain Hayden stood by my side, looking through a glass.

"Thank Heaven!" he said; "there's dear old England, and I am here alive again. I owe you a debt I never can forget, captain. It's not that I'm afraid of death, but just now I want to live so.

"There are things that make life suddenly precious to a man.

"There's a dear girl yonder waiting for me, and it was that, not cowardice, that made me hate to die, Captain Markham."

"Captain Hayden," I said, "you have certainly cancelled your debt to me. You have saved my life, and I had the same reason to love it that you have."

He smiled his bright, warm-hearted smile.

"I'm glad to hear it," he said.

Then he put his hand into his bosom.

"I will show you her picture," he said. "I have it here."

He drew a little locket, just like the one I wore, from his bosom, and touched the spring that opened the back, and handed it to me.

I took it in my hand, and as I touched it, I felt an absolute spasm of hate for him thrill my every nerve.

It horrified me.

For a moment I could not see what I held in my hand.

Then my vision grew clearer.

I looked upon the portrait, and then I thought that I had grown mad indeed.

It was Alice Palmer's face.

But it could not be her portrait.

That was impossible.

Some strange resemblance, nothing more.

"May I ask this lady's name?" I said. "It seems to me I know her."

My voice sounded harsh and metallic to myself as I spoke.

"Perhaps you do," he said. "She is Miss Palmer—Captain Palmer's daughter."

I bowed.

"Her hair on the other side," said he. "I think it is the loveliest that ever grew."

He turned it towards me.

"It is the loveliest that ever grew," I repeated, in the same unnatural voice. "May I ask if you have been long engaged?"

"Not long," he said. "We had not been out of port two weeks when you met us, and we had not then been engaged a month. A case of love at first sight.

"I saw her and loved her at the same moment. I do not see how any man could help it."

I understood now why I had hated this man, despite all his good qualities.

I had known what he had done to me in some inexplicable manner.

A moment my hand trembling and cold as ice, rested on the locket in my bosom; for a moment a fiendish joy possessed me, as I thought that I could make him as miserable as I was myself, by showing him the locket that rose and fell with the aching throbs of my agonised heart.

Then the man within me composed the coward.

"I congratulate you, Captain Hayden," I said.

"If the lady is as good as she is lovely, you have secured a prize."

"There can be no doubt of that," he said. "Thank you."

I walked away.

When I was out of his sight, I took the locket I wore from my bosom, and tossed it into the sea.

I believe he thought me the most disagreeably formal man living.

I believe, grateful as he was to me, he also struggled with a blind dislike when we met.

But an hour or two after we shook hands and bade each other adieu, with polite hopes that we should meet again.

We never did.

Nor did I ever see Alice Palmer more; but she did not marry Captain Hayden; doubtless she jilted him as she had jilted me and other men before me.

I heard that the husband she chose at last was a very rich man.

Doubtless she never intended to marry any other.

If she is alive, she is a middle-aged woman now.

I am an old man, and Captain Hayden's beard was white when his vessel went down off the Bermudas, five years ago.

One who saw him lying dead upon the rocks told me that about his neck hung a little locket, with a girl's face and a bit of brown hair inside, and that his hands were clasped so tightly over it, that it was thought at first it could not be unclenched.

I have no doubt that it was Alice Palmer that he held remembrance of, even in his death struggle.

But, as for me, I threw my love for her into the sea, with her hair and her false face.

It is not love for her that has kept me single, only when one finds a certain human heart in which he has trusted, a hollow thing, he is apt to doubt all others.

Bric-a-Brac.

REFINEMENT.—In the time of Chaucer, it was considered as a sign of a polite education, not to wet the finger deep in the dishes, forks not being then in use.

KILLING A GNAT.—St. Macarius, having one day killed a gnat that stung him, lived six months in a swamp exposed to the bite of every insect, as a penance.

HIDE KETTLES.—In 1327 raw skins of cattle, suspended on stakes, were made use of instead of kettles, to boil meat, in the north of England and in Scotland.

HONESTY.—A journal some time ago offered a school prize for the best essay on "Honesty." Of the twenty-three responses received a large proportion proved to have been stolen, and one, a poem, was stolen entire.

THE CHINESE WAY.—The Chinese pay their bills yearly, instead of monthly or weekly, as is generally the custom in this country among those who pay them at all. When a bill is presented and one is a little short, it must be nice to say:—"Ah, yes; I have been a little disappointed to-day; just step in next year when you are passing." We like the Chinese system.

CHANGE OF NAME.—King Edward, of England once had a law made against some Irish of certain names. In obedience to this law the Shaunchs took the names of Fox, the McGabhans or McGowans that of Smith, and the Geals the name of White. In consequence of this statute of Edward many other Irish families were induced to translate or change their names into English.

CRABS.—In the Spice Islands the crab birgus was observed by Professor Buknlore kept in pens to fatten for the table as swine are here. The intelligence of these is remarkable. In opening a cocoanut they always tear off the husk at the end upon which are the eyes and then introduce the small anterior feet to pick out the meat, or they break the shell with their large claws. They use the husks to line their nests, which are robbed yearly by the Malays, who use them in the manufacture of mats, rugs, etc.

UGLY MEN.—Vauvenargues, the French author, found himself such a picture of horror after recovering from an attack of small-pox that he refused to appear in society, but going into seclusion, made the world his debtor for his books. Hilsenberg the Prussian naturalist, was distinguished by the natives of Madagascar with the surname of "The Fright." Becker having denied the existence of the devil, was adjured by La Mounois to complete his good work and free humanity from all its terrors by suppressing his own portrait. Scarron's account of his phenomenal ugliness is too familiar to need mention.

SOME DATES.—1807. A steamboat on the Hudson. 1817. Stoves first appear in meeting houses. 1818. A steamboat on Long Island Sound. 1819. A steamer goes across the Atlantic. 1823. Gas in Boston. Coal. Steel pens take the place of quills. 1823. Ruffles disappear from shirt fronts. 1825. Love apples are tasted hesitatingly, but are found novel and palateable, and are called tomatoes, and used as a vegetable. 1831. A railroad built. 1833. Matches used instead of the tinder box. 1837. First paper money used, called shin-plasters. 1838. Envelopes first used. 1839. Daguerreotypes are taken. 1844. First electric message sent. 1847. Sewing machines invented. 1858. Ocean cable laid. Only one message sent for about ten years.

THE STOLEN VIOLIN.—Apropos of Paganini the famous player, we are reminded of his sabot violin and the story belonging to it. During the winter of 1838 a large box was brought by the Normandy diligence for the musician then residing in Paris. On opening the box he found two inner boxes and within, wrapped in tissue paper, a wooden shoe and a letter begging the 'great genius' to perform in public on this shoe. Paganini mentioned it as an impertinence to his friend, the Chevalier de Barida. The latter took the sabot to a violin maker who, with wonderful ingenuity, converted it into a musical instrument, and on this the great artist performed some of his most exquisite fantasias. His handwriting on a slip of paper upon the violin testifies to the truth of the story. This sabot violin was sold at auction in Paris about ten years ago.

MAKING LACE.—There is a pretty love story told in connection with the introduction of the manufacture of fine lace into Brussels. A poor young girl, named Gertrude, was dying for love of a young man whose wealth precluded all hopes of marriage. One night, as she sat weeping, a lady entered her cottage, and without saying a word, placed in her lap a cushion with its bobbins filled with thread. The lady then, with perfect silence, showed her how to make all sorts of delicate patterns and complicated stitches. As daylight approached, the maiden had learned the art, and the mysterious visitress disappeared. The price of the maiden's lace soon made her rich on account of its valuable patterns, and she was able to marry the object of her love. Many years after while living in luxury, with her numerous family about her, she was startled by the mysterious lady entering her house—this time not silent, but looking stern. She said—"Here you enjoy peace and comfort, while without are famine and trouble. I helped you; you never helped your neighbors. The angels weep for you and turn away their faces." So the next day Gertrude went forth with her cushion and bobbin in her hand, and going from cottage to cottage, she offered to teach the art she had so mysteriously learned. So they all became rich, and their country also.

HOME.

Home is not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart has builded.

Home! Go watch the faithful dove,
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
Home is where there's one to love;
Home is where there's one to love us.

Home is not merely roof and room:
It needs something to endear it.
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's something kind to cheer it.

What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet—and only sweet—
When there's one we love to meet us.

TWICE MARRIED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—[CONTINUED.]

IT was terrible to watch that strong man, Farmer Herbert, as the story was unfolded to him.

The whiteness of death crept slowly over his noble face, his hands grew cold as ice, drops of anguish stole out in his broad forehead, and stood there like globules of ice.

But he listened in silence till the doctor had finished the tale of his long suspicions, and their gradual confirmation.

Of constant and solitary meetings between Evan Lloyd and his child.

The too evident causes for her ill-health and extreme depression.

Finally, the information the doctor had recently obtained, that young Lloyd was about to be married to Laura de St. Hilaire.

Then Llewellyn Herbert started to his feet, and dashed the physician's hand from him.

"Is this thing true?" he hissed out in a low, hoarse voice.

"I fear, nay, I am certain, it is true," replied the doctor, for he dared not evade the question by any false hopes.

Then the strong man's agony broke forth in a low, hoarse, moaning noise, and he sank on his chair, and, hiding his face in his hands, leant on the table before him, which actually shook with the violence of his powerful frame, that rocked to and fro under the tearful storm of anguish.

At last he raised his hand, and months of agony seemed stamped on his wan, sombre cheeks and rigid features, fixed in the stern calmness of despair.

The doctor spoke to him unheeded.

He seemed scarcely aware of his presence but suddenly rose, and walked towards the door.

But the doctor, springing to the doorway, and standing before it with a determined air and unflinching look, in spite of the farmer's impatient frowns, oppressed his exit.

"Herbert," said he, "where are you going?"

"For vengeance!" he exclaimed; "vengeance on the guilty! Don't thwart me, Doctor.

"I am a desperate, hopeless man, and cannot answer for myself."

"Llewellyn Herbert," cried the doctor, sternly; "have you forgotten that vengeance belongeth to God, and that He, the sinless one, spoke peace to the poor Magdalen taken in her sin before His merciful eyes?

"Dare not to judge where He showed mercy."

"Man, man, you urge me too sorely," said Herbert.

"She is no longer a child of mine, but a poor, guilty, ungrateful outcast from my hearth; from this hour I disown her; but he, the villain, shall not escape to exult over the misery he has wrought. Let me pass, I say, lest you should be the first victim."

"Madman! back, I say, back!" said the doctor, with unflinching eye and voice, "you leave not this room. Llewellyn Herbert, till you can say as a Christian should, 'The Lord's will be done.'

"Never did any creature say that from his heart, but he had cause to say after, 'The Lord's name be praised.'

"Where is your faith, man, your submission, your humility as a sinner?

"I know these principles to be in your heart, let them sustain you in this awful hour."

The doctor's voice had sunk from stern command to calm, soothing admonition, and Herbert's overwrought brain was not insensible to the familiar words.

He sank on his knees before the old, familiar place, where for many a long year his simple family devotions had been offered up, and for some moments there was profound silence in the apartment.

Then he rose up once more with a pale, but softened face, and held out his hand to the physician.

"Heaven bless you!" said he; "you have saved me from fearful sin this day, Doctor.

"I can say it now: I can forgive the poor wretched child, and perhaps in time I may even forgive the man who has deceived her."

"Remember the weaker ones, my good friend, and gather strength," said the doctor, the tears standing in his eyes.

"You must support your wife, and guide back the erring one."

The farmer shuddered visibly, but Dr. Davis, saw that the best remedy for the terrible grief would be to be forced to comfort and support Mrs. Herbert, and without another word he fetched the terrified mother into the room, and left the husband and wife together.

None knew what passed in that wretched hour between that stricken pair.

When the door opened and the doctor once more joined them, Herbert's arm was round his wife, and his look bent on her with a more tender gaze than in the first hours of their wedded life.

"Doctor," he said, "how much better she is than I am.

"She had the grace to forgive at once. It was I—I, the strong one—who fell in the hour of trial."

"Oh, husband, do not speak so," said his wife, submissively; "how can a mother help forgiving her child! There is no merit in that.

"Only let us go, it is so long already, and we must bring her home and comfort her in her sorrow and shame. Must we not, Llewellyn?"

It was long since she had used the old appellation of their youth, but they were drawn together by the strong cords of sympathy in a common grief, and the old love revived in their hearts.

"With God's help we will, my wife," replied Herbert.

Then the three loving, sorrowing friends of the poor, unhappy fugitive, arranged with rapid, terrified haste, plans for her discovery and comfort.

In a few minutes more, the parents and the good doctor set off on their several ways, to trace the poor girl in her flight.

It was growing dark, and Herbert took with him a lantern, with a terrible though mistaken conviction in his heart, that it might be needed to satisfy his worst fears about the poor girl.

Fears that he dared not breathe even to Dr. Davis.

They went on—and on—and on—that silent stricken pair, and never paused but to examine some more concealed recess, or call on Winifred in loving subdued tones, which, if she could hear them, would assure her trembling heart.

At last they came to the mill stream, from which her life had so recently been saved, and Llewellyn Herbert knelt down and held his lantern over the calm still water.

But all was quiet.

There was no ripple, no object floating on their surface confirmed his sickening terrors, and with a heartfelt thanksgiving he rose from his knees, and taking his wife's arm once more, they took their way to the wood, holding the lantern close to the ground in hopes of tracing some marks that might guide their course.

At last a glad exclamation burst from the mother's lips.

"Husband—Llewellyn, she is here! Look! that is her veil; see, it has dropped, caught in one of the boughs no doubt, and she poor child, not heeding it in her misery."

This apparent clue redoubled the anxious search of the poor parents.

It was with yet more rapid steps that they took their way into the wood, and it was then that the cry, willing, yet loving and tender in its tone, came sadly and fruitlessly on the night wind.

"Winny, Winny! my child, my child! come back."

The echoes only answered the appeal, and sick and faint with terror and disappointment, the wretched pair sat down on the trunk of the very tree where their child had so lately rested, their arms round each other, and comforted in the best of all human love, even in that terrible hour.

"We will wait; she must come back. She is here; and when the day dawns, we shall find her," said the father.

"Yes, yes, and I shall know her step—the very rustle of her dress—even in the darkness, if she moves in the night," replied the poor mother.

"I could not go home now I know she is here, Llewellyn."

There they sat—that sad, silent pair—for hours.

Sometimes, when the night air chilled the wife, the husband would take her in his arms, and console her against his heart.

And even in that wretched hour Mrs. Herbert felt the sweetness of that noble husband's love, which she had but too little appreciated in her busy domestic life.

Morning came, and the search was renewed, but to no avail.

Not a trace of the fugitive was there, and, weary and heart-stricken, the parents returned to their home.

"She must—she will come back," they said, piteously, as if to cheat their own terrors.

"To-morrow she will return, and find how little she has to dread—how our love will swallow up our displeasure."

Poor Winifred!

If she had but known — if she had but trusted in that true parental love!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LAURA, my darling, as if your wishes were not laws to me!

"What is this important request you have to make?"

Evan sat by the side of his betrothed, in the room especially devoted to her use, the prettiest though smallest of the suite of reception-rooms in the London furnished house which they had engaged for the occasion of the double weddings.

Very beautiful and very happy she looked in that luxurious apartment, for Paul, instinctively conscious that his future brother-in-law would be best gratified by a display of wealth and elegance on the occasion of the marriage, had chosen a splendidly furnished house, with the intention, if it pleased Laura's fastidious taste, to buy and bestow it on the new pair as a wedding present.

Laura admired beauty in all its forms.

All her life she had been accustomed to luxurious surroundings, and it was her natural atmosphere.

She could have flung them aside without a sigh had the good of a beloved object required it.

Proud of her lover—glorying in his fair person and strong character—she worshipped where a weaker nature would only have loved.

She exulted in her power of bestowing on him almost princely wealth.

Had it been his pleasure and her power to do so, she would have flung all the spoils of nature and art at his feet.

His step thrilled her like music.

His smile made her happiness more perfect.

Her cheek bloomed and her lips grew redder under it.

The white eyelids grew tremulous, as they drooped to shade the exquisite joy that sparkled beneath them.

At such moments she was more than beautiful.

Evan, too, was happy after a fashion.

His strong, hard, fervid nature—lax in principle and strong in will—absolutely ignored the wrong he had done, and smothered—crushed with an iron determination—the efforts of conscience and memory to touch his heart.

Was that lovely, child-like girl of the old farmhouse—the humble love of his boyish days—to break up his magnificent fortunes—to drag him down to obscurity and comparative poverty—to force him to relinquish the glorious creature who was his very slave?

No, he was a traitor, but not a coward.

He had chosen the shrine of ambition for his worship, and to that he would offer up the sacrifices of every honest affection, every honorable feeling.

And when darker memories would still intrude, and the image of Henry Allnutt rise up in the hours of darkness and in his troubled dreams, he silenced the unpleasant whispers of conscience by the sophistry that it was "accident," not — bah! — the odious, horrible word "murder" could not must not be pronounced, even by his busy brain.

It had been, he could honestly assert, unintentional—a mere sudden movement of passion, and not to be classed with the darker crime, which in his more troubled moments it strove to call itself.

And then the prospect of his sister's marriage made him yet more speciously satisfied with himself.

It was his doing—that brilliant settlement of the pretty Lucy's.

His parents might henceforth dismiss anxiety for their children, and live only for themselves.

Were these solid benefits to be thrown aside for a rude, superstitious scruple, when too, he had provided for the real comfort and safety of his whilom love, and shielded her from the consequences of their mutual imprudence?

It was about a week before Evan's own family were expected in London, when, as usual, he had arrived in Eaton Square on his daily visit, and been greeted by Laura with an unusual degree of the pretty blushes and sweet, shy coquetry of happy love, and a rather timidly proffered request for some wished-for boon.

The reply which commenced our present chapter had not yet met an explanation of its nature.

"Come, my pet, what is it?" he said, half impatiently; for, despite his bravado, there was a certain uneasy consciousness that made him a coward at any unusual occurrence or trifling mystery.

"I want your sanction to an invitation, dear Evan," she replied.

"I have just written for that lovely girl who saved my life to come to our fetes. I should so like her to be a bridesmaid of mine and Lucy's."

Evan started, and the dark frown on his face, though momentary, could not escape the notice of one who hung on his every look.

"Do you mean Miss Herbert, Laura? What folly, nay, madness, even to think of such a thing!

"A farmer's daughter is no visitor or bridesmaid for a daughter of the De St. Hilaires."

"She saved the life of a daughter of the De St. Hilaires," said Laura, reproachfully, "and your sister told me she was her dearest friend."

There was some resentment in the tone and look, some of the old proud spirit that had been almost subdued of late; and Evan had time to recover himself.

"My dearest Laura," said he, "I beg your pardon for my hasty speech, but you cannot possibly understand all the objections to such an arrangement.

"In her secluded home, Lucy was necessarily thrown much on the only companion in the neighborhood, but that is no reason why the connection should continue or extend to you.

"I shall therefore be obliged if you never allude to the subject again."

Laura colored.

It was a new thing for Evan to assume that tone to her.

"I am sorry for it, Evan," she replied, "as I have already written to ask Lucy about my little plan, though of course subject to your approval afterwards. I thought it would be a pleasant surprise."

For the first time since their acquaintance with each other, Evan Lloyd turned on his betrothed with the angry frown, the flashing, indignant gaze of those deep, dark eyes which had so often struck terror into his gentle mother's heart.

"Thank you for your consideration for my wishes, Miss de St. Hilaire.

"It is rather superfluous to ask my opinion after you have chosen to act contrary to all you knew of my feelings about that girl.

"However, it is as well to know what I have to expect in future."

For a moment the hot blood dyed Laura's cheeks, half from indignation, half from astonishment and fear at the outburst, and the abrupt gesture which flung off the hand that rested tenderly on his.

"Mr. Lloyd—Evan," she began, with a voice that she intended should be proud and dignified, but which fairly broke down in a choking sob.

Had it been Winifred Herbert, this collision would have ended in a passion of tears.

Laura de St. Hilaire was made of prouder stuff, and she forced back the rising tears and subdued the hysterical sobs that came swelling into her throat.

It had more power over Evan's stern nature than the most passionate indulgence of grief or indignation; it was something kindred to his own high spirit.

Besides, he had too much at stake to risk offending her.

"Forgive me, dearest," he said, drawing her towards him in spite of her half resistance; "you have so spoiled me with your sweet, undeserved devotion that I am in danger of getting arbitrary and morose.

"The truth is, there are circumstances connected with the Herberts that are painful and annoying to me, and which you cannot possibly know.

"However, I dare say it is not too late to stop any mischief, except the tears my evil temper brought into those beautiful eyes"

He kissed the moist cheeks and the warm quivering lips, and murmured words of tender self-reproach, till all trace of resentment or doubt had passed from Laura's loving heart, and left her more completely his slave than ever.

The approach of footsteps, judiciously loud and slow, roused the lovers from this happy state of reconciled tenderness.

It was a servant with letters for Laura and her brother.

Evan went to the window, while the girl opened those that belonged to her, till an exclamation of surprise and horror recalled him to her side.

"Oh, Evan, how dreadful!" she exclaimed.

"Lucy says that the sweet, beautiful girl has suddenly disappeared from her home, and the whole village is in grief and consternation.

"They are afraid something too terrible even for Lucy to write it; and the poor parents are perfectly heart-broken.

"Oh, I am so grieved! What can have happened to her?"

Laura was still examining Lucy's letter, in hopes of discovering some fresh bit of information that might be more satisfactory and did not see the strange look of terror and remorse that came on Evan's face as she was speaking.

The deep, red spots on the cheeks, the restless, and anxious glance of the eyes, that spoke of uneasy, conscience-stricken terror within.

But, sudden as was the intelligence, and wide and vague the fears which it at once occasioned, he quickly regained his mastery over both body and mind, and before his silence was too remarkable, he was able to reply quite naturally to Laura's next anxious question.

"What can have become of Let. Evan?"

"My dear girl," he replied, "how can I possibly form any idea of what could actuate the poor child?

"But, stay—I think I have one clue that may explain the mystery.

"Did not Lucy say that Mr. Thornton had left Llanover when she wrote last?

"I have been thinking too much of you, to remember any such minor matters as that."

"Yes, he is away for some weeks," said Laura.

"But, surely—oh, Evan, how can you imagine such a thing?"

"Imagine what?—naughty, scandalous fiancee" said Evan, with a forced playfulness, quite foreign to such an occasion. "I only intimated that a romantic, secluded little creature like Miss Herbert, and a tender-hearted young curate, might, without committing any great crime, fall in love with each other."

"No, Evan, you are quite wrong," said Laura, gravely.

"Mr. Thornton was too noble-hearted for any such clandestine and unprincipled conduct.

"I am nearly certain he was a rival of Paul's, though a silent and generous one; but he would never have been guilty of such unpardonable baseness."

"Is it unpardonable, Laura?" he asked; and the tone was low and anxious.

"Unpardonable to steal away a girl from her home and parents, and induce her to violate every duty of a woman and a daughter?" said Laura. "Surely you need not ask, Evan."

"Well, well, you need not look so righteously indignant, my beautiful empress," said Evan.

"I daresay I am terribly lax in my ideas, being too much in love myself to be very severe on others.

"And now, speak my pardon, and I must be off, for I have an engagement that ought to have been kept an hour since.

"I will be with you again in the evening. Come, one smile before I go."

Laura received the embrace and obeyed the request, as well as a sad and uneasy heart would allow, for a smile of pardon.

She was depressed and gloomy, full of vague uneasiness and doubts, which she would not confess, even to herself.

Could it be that her idol was unworthy of the high pedestal on which she had placed him.

She had endowed him with noble sentiments and high aspirations which were but the ideal creations of her own fancy?

Her brother had more than once conveyed this, by looks if not words, before the irrevocable step had been taken.

She would not, could not believe even her calm, indulgent Paul, where she herself was concerned.

He was too anxious, too fastidious on her behalf.

The young girl's romance had that morning received a sudden and cruel shock, which she would not have confessed even to herself.

It was but the first awakening from her dream, and she willingly closed her eyes again.

Evan was a man, she only a woman.

There must be a difference in their ways of looking at things, and perhaps he knew much that he would not choose to tell her as to the sad affair at Llanover.

How could she doubt and blame him for a comparative stranger?

It was unworthy of her and of him.

The girl's warm heart gushed with new tenderness for the lover she fancied she had wronged.

CHAPTER XXXV.

EVAN Lloyd left Eaton Square in a state of chronic disquiet and vexation, which speedily burst forth into a tempest of rage and alarm, in which all the persons and events that were concerned in the present and future acts of his life's drama came in for their share.

The ungovernable folly of Winifred, and the infamous carelessness or treachery of Hugh Evans, were especially anathematised.

Whether Hugh had had anything to do with the disappearance of Winifred or not, he was equally to blame.

He had either acted with most glaring clumsiness and stupidity, or most consummate and alarming treachery.

Suppose Winifred was on her way to him or to Laura?

Suppose the whole tale came out before his marriage secured him the enjoyment of all he had schemed and sinned for, and from the very pinnacle of wealth and luxury which he had all but reached, he should be hurled down into disgrace, poverty, and hopelessness!

The thought was maddening.

At that moment the young man could have crushed the unhappy, guiltless cause of his alarm beneath his feet, had she suddenly appeared before him, and gone on his hard, relentless course, unmindful of her death agony.

And yet, paradoxical as it may appear, he loved Winifred Herbert as he never had and never would the splendid and noble-minded Laura de St. Hilaire.

But the love was crushed, smothered, dormant, under the overwhelming force of ambition and selfish pride and flattered self-love.

The victim was indeed fastened to the car of Juggernaut in that despotic mind.

It will be fairly inferred that Evan Lloyd was in no very placable mood when he once more found himself at the door of his apartments in Green Street.

The servant who answered his knock saw at once that his master was "up the spout," to use his own elegant phraseology.—

"If you please, sir," he remarked deferently, "there's a person waiting to see you—a woman, sir."

Visions of Winifred crossed Evan's disturbed mind, and his face grew crimson with fear and rage.

"Rascal! how dared you to admit her?" he shouted.

"I have a great mind to dismiss you at once."

"Hard words don't break bones, sir," said the man, coolly.

"She said she was from Llanover, and I though would like to see her, knowing it was your home, sir; and she would have waited for you in the street if I had not let her in, she told me.

"She would speak to you, if she waited all day."

Evan's blood grew cold at the confirmation of his worst fears.

It must be Winifred.

No one else would be so determined for an interview.

He saw that the only hope was in the most perfect serenity, and concealment of his alarm.

"If you value your place, Jackson, do not repeat the insolence," he said, with more mildness in his tone, as he walked forward to the room where the mysterious female awaited him.

His hand lingered for a minute on the door-handle.

He fairy trembled at the idea of facing the misery and reproaches of the injured girl, and the measure which would be necessary to guard against the mischief she might do.

Then he drew a deep breath, cleared his throat of the huskiness that rattled in it, and, opening the door, strode into the room with a stern, defiant air.

As he entered, the woman rose and made a slight curtsy before he could recover from his astonishment at her appearance.

It was not the slight, lovely form of Winifred Herbert, but a tall, thin, careworn, hard-featured woman who stood silently before him.

"Who are you?" he demanded, angrily, incensed at the unnecessary expenditure of alarm and wrath. "How dare you wait for me in my own apartments without permission?"

"I wonder you don't remember me, Mr. Lloyd," she replied, in a harsh voice; "my husband and I used to work for you when you had Llanover Mill, and it was the burning of that which ruined us."

"I am not bound to remember every lazy lout that worked in that accursed place!" exclaimed Evan, angrily. "Answer me at once, woman, or leave the room and the house."

"Oh, there's no objection to my answering," said the woman. "I've done nothing to make me ashamed of my name, though some folks may find it convenient to forget theirs."

Evan scowled.

"My name is Rachel Harper, Mr. Lloyd, and my husband is Jonas Harper, one of the very best hands at your mill, though I say it."

"Harper, Harper," repeated Evan; "where did you live?"

"Our cottage was close to the bridge, Mr. Lloyd, and right between the mill and the wood; and no bad home neither, as times go."

"And what do you want?" he asked, in a sharp voice.

"My husband is ill, sir; he has been out of work ever since your mill was burned; he wants help."

"A pretty thing, if I am to be responsible for the idleness of every scamp that to work for me," replied Evan. "I shall do nothing for you, or a whole gang would be on me."

"But we shall starve, sir; we have nothing left," said the woman. We must have help, or——"

"Or what?" said Evan.

The woman was silent; but her defiant, proud look irritated the young man exceedingly.

"I tell you what, woman," he continued, "this is no workhouse for mendicants, nor am I to be imposed upon by any tales or any bullying. There's a trifle for you, but if ever you come near the house again, I'll have you committed for a rogue and vagabond. There, leave the room instantly, I tell you."

He held out half a crown, but the woman folded her arms, and stood without replying or moving.

"Are you mad, woman, or deaf?" he asked.

"I am not deaf, young man," she replied; "and it is not I who am mad, if either of us is."

Evan here lost all patience, and was about to ring the bell to have the intruder expelled, when a strange misgiving stopped him.

The woman looked no common begging impostor.

There was a quiet defiance, a mocking curl of the thin lips, that spoke of some hidden object.

"Speak out, woman," said he. "What do you mean by this insolence! Take the money, and go."

"I shall take no such worthless coin, Mr. Lloyd. 'Tis gold we want, and bank notes, too—enough to keep us for a year or so, and then we shall see our way a bit."

The young man's patience was now exhausted.

He pulled the bell rope violently, and in a suspiciously short time it was answered by Jackson.

"Turn that woman out," said his master, "and if she comes again, hand her over to the police. She is either drunk or crazy, and you are an idiot for having admitted her."

Jackson advanced a step.

And then the woman quickly drew back, with an air of dignity, and waved him from her.

"Don't lay a finger on me, or it will be the worse for you, young man," she said, scornfully. "Evan Lloyd, is this your answer, and without asking a single question as to the reason of my demand?"

"Another moment, and you'll go with her!" he thundered, turning angrily to the man.

"I'll not lose you a good, kind master," said Mrs. Harper to the servant, with a silent, bitter laugh. "I'm going. Good morning, Mr. Lloyd; maybe you'll hear from my husband to thank you for your kindness to his wife."

With a look of half-triumphant, half-malicious meaning, she walked slowly from the room, followed by the bewildered servant.

Evan was in no very enviable frame of mind when he entered his abode, and this episode had not improved it.

But the more important interests he had at stake soon banished the insolent weaver's wife from his thoughts, and, after venting his rage in swearing at poor Jackson, and threatening to set the police on Harper's track, he sat down to consider, as best he might, the precautions that should be adopted in the new and threatening aspect of affairs.

Meanwhile the woman, to whom a part of the young man's disturbed state of mind was to be attributed, took her way through the various narrow streets and alleys till she came to a court, whose densely populated and wretched dwellings were a great contrast to the aristocratic and airy mansions within five minutes' walk of the locality.

She entered one of the high, narrow houses next the extremity of this court, and ascended the dark staircase till she came to the second floor, and opened a door of a tolerably large but low room in the front of the building.

It was tenanted by a spare, morose-looking man, in a threadbare suit of rusty black, evidently not originally made for his tall, bony figure.

His face was a peculiar one—plain to ugliness, and shaded by iron-gray hair of unusual length, and though expressive of no ordinary acuteness, was stamped with a most dogged, stern, bloodhound-like expression of determination and unforgivingness of temper.

He was such a man as is seldom found in London, or the southern counties of England, but not so rare among the stalwart, hardy, rugged natives of the North; whose natures are strong and unpliable, whether for good or evil.

Weakness and vacillation are not the failings of that population, and neither their friendship nor their enmity is lightly to be disregarded.

Jonas Harper, though a faithful, was no pleasing type of his countrymen in the original constitution of his character; but it was now warped and hardened by circumstances and evil associations.

And his wife's was no kindly, womanly, disposition, to soften or correct the hard, bitter, unscrupulous temper of her husband.

"Well, Rachel, what did he say?" he asked, lifting his eyes from a daily newspaper he was reading. "Did he give you anything?"

"Yes, insults and words not fit for a dog, and half a crown to drive them in deeper," was the reply.

"And you took it?" said her husband, fiercely.

"Are you a fool, Jonas Harper, or turned soft all of a sudden? Why, it would have cut my very flesh to have held it for a moment in my hand. Took it! Yes, to throw it at the insolent, mean, contemptible stripling," she replied bitterly. "My father hated the whole race as he hated the aristocracy, and that's saying something, anyway."

"Yes, your father knew how to hate, Rachel, and you take after him," said Jonas. "It wasn't any wonder, neither, considering the world was not over fond of, or even kind to him. It was equal measure, anyway. You didn't expect to come to this when you were at Salford High School, Rachel, and the old man manager of Banks' mill. Pity that bad blood got between them. It was diamond cut diamond when they got to loggerheads. Something like my precious young master and me, eh, old woman?"

"You take it coolly, anyhow, Jonas; I thought you'd have been in as deep a rage as I was. Why, I could have taken him and strangled his sneering, hypocritical breath in his very throat."

"Why, Rachel, woman, I gave you credit for more sense than to be so riled by a young scapegrace like that, and when the game is in our own hands too. Maybe you'll get your wish when you least expect it."

The woman looked eagerly at her husband with a keen, hungry look of revengeful curiosity.

"How, Jonas?" she asked. "You never said as much before."

"No, I'm not a woman to tell all I know," replied Jonas; "but you may depend on it, I did not send you on a fool's errand this morning; neither should I have humbled myself to ask what I hadn't the power to insist on, or to punish if I didn't get what I wanted," he added, with a low, sneering laugh.

"But, Jonas, you should have told me before I went," said Rachel; "'tis no good punishing while we're starving."

"Leave that to me, wife," he replied gruffly. "I've not come to fifty years of age without knowing the difference between bread and a stone, and I can ask your advice when I want it."

Rachel Harper was an indomitable woman to any one but her husband; but it would have needed an Amazon's nature to contend with that fierce, hard spirit, and she did not venture to indulge the angry retort that was in her heart.

"Where's Dickon, wife?" said Jonas, who had remained thoughtful and silent while his wife stirred the small remains of the wretched fire.

"Gone to Eaton Square with that note you gave him; don't you remember, Jonas?" was the wondering reply.

The man made no reply, but sat gazing on the flickering flame, unconsciously swinging to and fro the foot crossed over the other and resting on the high rickety fender.

"Where am I to find dinner for us and the lad, Jonas?" at last broke impatiently from the woman. "'Tis easy for you sitting there and waiting for the food to be brought you, without thinking how 'tis to be got, just like menfolk; and then they're like to tear their wives to pieces if there aint a dinner to their hands, or their mouths rather."

The soliloquy was luckily unheard by her husband, or it might have proved even more dangerous to the domestic peace of the Harpers than any deficiency in the culinary arrangements of their household.

And before Rachel could renew the attack a clatter of roughly shod and evidently youthful feet was heard on the stairs, and in another moment the "hope" of that amiable pair entered the room, looking very much as if he anticipated a "gentle" reprimand for his tardy appearance.

But Jonas was in no mood for small grievances; his head was too full of important plans and deep schemes for Dickon's delinquencies to excite the usual consequences.

"What answer, boy? Who did you see?" asked Jonas, eagerly holding out his hand, while Dickon plunged his hand hopelessly in the mysterious recesses of a patched trousers pocket. "Speak, you fool, can't you!" shouted his father, when Dickon's prolonged search had quite exhausted his small forbearance.

"'Tis the note must speak, father," grinned the youngster. "I've got nothing to say. I knows nothing, not I."

"You know a precious deal too much, you young rascal!" said Jonas, half propitiated by his son's ready answer. "Who did you see? I asked you."

"First, a grand French flunky, father," replied Dickon; "and then I said, as you told me, I wanted to see Mr. Jenkins, that had come up from Wales, from Sir William Lloyd's, cause I'd got a 'ticular' message to give him about his master's business. And then the 'Frenchy' grinned and shook his head, and called a fat old fellow who sat in a big chair by the fire, and the old fellow called me, and grunted out something that I s'posed meant 'What d'ye want?' And he spoke so gruff, it was more like a pig than a man; and I answered short and gruff like himself; and then he gave a queer sort of chuckle, and rang a great bell; and, after a deal of time and chatter, a deal worse than a mill-wheel, Jenkins came, and the moment he saw me he seemed to know all about it, and bade me come along with him; and main glad I was to get away from those impudent flunkies in the great hall. I won't go again, father, that I won't."

"Dont talk stuff, boy," said Jonas. "What next?"

"Tom Jenkins took me to a grand room, a great deal finer than Sir William's at the Grange," continued Dickon, "and then I gave him your note, and said I wanted an answer. So he read, and read, as if he could not make it out; and when he had done, he got a big desk and put it inside, and began to write. It took him a precious time to write, for he stopped, and asked me a sight of questions; but at last he folded the note and put a great seal on, and made me put it in my pocket afore he'd let me go; and then he gave me sixpence to come quick home, and take care no one saw the note, and so I comed as fast as I could."

"Where's the sixpence, Dickon?" asked his mother, as her husband impatiently seized the dirty and crumpled letter.

"Don't you wish you may get to know, mother?" said the urchin, with a grin. "What's mine's me own, and none's yours."

Mrs. Harper made a grab at her son's jacket, but he was too quick for her; and Jonas turned with an angry frown, which silenced any strife for the time being.

The note of Mr. Thomas Jenkins (over which Jonas was poring with an eager attention, which might have been as much produced by the rather backward state of the education of both parties concerned in the literary production) ran as follows:—

"DEAR OLD PAL,—You put me in a regular fix. 'Tis more than nature to cut one's throat, and stop a good play when 'tis close on you. But I've got a bit o' conscience left, and I think 'tis a dirty business to take in such a handsome gal as—well, you know; so, if you can make sure of your game, I don't mind lending a hand. So, do as you said, and as quick as you like, for they're all up from Wales second day from this, and the weddings are to be in a week or so after. But, if you aint quite sure and certain, keep quiet, for the master's an uncommon cool, knowing hand, and would sift mud if he thought there was anything underhand.—Yours for old acquaintance' sake,

"T. JENKINS."

"And he bade me tell you, father," said Dickon, "that six o'clock or so was the best time, 'cause the ge'man was in his own room then; and that's all. And precious hungry I am mother, with all the fright and the bother. I'd as leave go to the police-court, like Bill Sowers, as go to that weary house."

Jonas put his hand once more in the envelope of Mr. Jenkins's letter, which bore a suspicious-looking coat of arms and coronet on the seal, and took from it a gold piece.

"Go, wife, get some dinner," said he; "but mind, only what we really want. That gold may have to last many a day."

Mrs. Harper took it with a grumbling indignation at the implied slander on her prudence, and tying on her bonnet, once more descended the stairs. When she was once gone Jonas turned to the son.

"Dickon," said he, "you're not such a fool as you might be, considering you're but a lad; and, what's more, I believe you can keep a secret."

The boy nodded, and grinned assent.

"Do you mind young Courcy Dowd, the nephew of Mrs. Malone, at Llanover?" continued Jonas.

"What, Mrs. Malone, old Evans' housekeeper, father?"

"The same," said Jonas. "You would know her nephew again?"

"I should think so," replied Dickon.

"If I told you where he was, Dickon, and sent you to him, could you keep it close."

"Even from mother, if I got a thrashing for it," was the reply; and the look and attitude of the lad spoke more than words: it was hard and resolute as his father's own.

"Mark me, boy," said his father; "keep my secret, and I'll trust you like a man. If you don't, it will be the worse for you."

"Don't tell me if you can't trust me," said the boy, angrily. "I'm no blab, and I hate to be thought a sneak."

"All right my boy," said Jonas. "I don't think worse of you for being a bit savage; you're my own son, that's certain. Now, listen."

Jonas Harper spoke in a low tone for some minutes, and the lad listened with a shrewd, cunning look that showed he was quite cognisant of what was said, and would not easy forget it.

"I twig, father; all right," was his only reply at the close of the communication; "and if mother asks any questions, I know how to fix her."

Jonas gave a nod, and then resumed his former attitude before the fire. The perplexed, anxious look was gone, and one of grim satisfaction had taken its place. His mind was evidently made up, and the course, whatever it was, seemed tolerably plain before him. Dickon commenced playing with some marbles, probably the produce of the disputed sixpence, till the return of his mother with a respectable piece of liver and some rashers of bacon and potatoes, which, with a jug of ale fetched by the redoubtable Dickon, furnished a sumptous supper to the trio, whose tempers were unusually softened by the unwonted luxuries, and by the secret prospect of the accomplishment of long and dearly cherished schemes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVER AND LORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ANGEL UNAWARES" "A SHOCKING SCANDAL," "SOWING AND REAPING," "PEGGY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.—[CONTINUED.]

LADY OLIVIA regarded her friend, a fair faded woman of about her own age, but dressed in ultra-girlish fashion, with a sort of civil sneer upon her thin scarlet lips, but a savage and apparently uncalled-for anger in her great dark eyes.

"Such secrets will not hang you, even if they are found out," she said, so brusquely that the offended lady rose to take her departure.

"I am sorry to annoy you, Harriet: but I cannot live in total darkness, even in deference to 'rouge' and 'blanc de perle.'"

Naturally the indignant lady did not repeat her warning or her visit.

Naturally also the story of "Lady Olivia's odd rudeness and very unpleasant whim" spread about, and other ladies, whose complexions were not impeccable, or who had a nervous dread of eccentricity, ceased to call at the little house in Mayfair, which had been so pleasant a rendezvous in other days.

Little by little old friends fell off and old acquaintances dropped away.

It seemed as though a curse had fallen on the handsome Spanish-looking woman with the dark passionate face and haunting eyes—who, seen in every crowd, was always seen alone.

And, next to being in darkness, to be alone was the thing that Lady Olivia Blake most hated in this world.

She was a proud woman, and had hitherto been a markedly exclusive one, closing her doors rigidly to those who were not of her own social standing, however meritorious, or fascinating, or popular they might be.

But now, in her pitiful yearning for human companionship, she seemed to lose all pride and all exclusiveness, to throw her doors widely open to all who would enter within them.

But even this sudden relaxation did not satisfy her craving desire to escape from herself, her eagerness for society at any price.

Pushing parvenues, who were at first flattered by the warmth of Lady Olivia's welcome, and rather disposed to plume themselves on the acquisition of so distinguished a friend, were not slow to discover that there was but a small amount of honor and glory to be got by mixing in the motley mob that the eccentric lady gathered round her.

And, when they discovered also that for this more than doubtful privilege they were required to pay the price of absolute submission to all the caprices of a passionate ungoverned nature and a despotic will, they too found the game not worth the candle and fell away.

So it came to pass that, just at the time of Cristine Singleton's return to England, Lady Olivia had taken to haunting theatres concerts, exhibitions — whosoever places were crowded and well lit.

That was all that mattered to her apparently.

She never cared whether the entertainment offered her were good or bad.

The great haggard eyes, with their unchanging look of mingled scorn and pain, seldom rested on stage or picture, and never with the least pretence of interest.

Baron Benjuda, who, in his two years' absence from London society, had fallen a little behind the gossip of the times, had hastened at sight of her to renew an intimacy that had hitherto been of the slightest character.

A bow and a few civilly-spoken words were as much as he expected the proud lady to accord him.

To his amazement, he received the welcome of an old and much-prized friend.

Lady Olivia seemed as though she could not bear to part with him.

When at last he tore himself away from the flattering eagerness of her questions as to his life abroad and the probability of his again leaving England for so long a period, he found himself pledged to visit her next day.

He was too shrewd a man not to surmise some reason for this sudden and startling change of manner—too much a man not to be subtilely flattered by it, suspicious though it was.

"Can she want to borrow money?" he speculated amusedly, as he sauntered back to Cristine.

He soon dismissed that idea as improbable.

He knew all about Lady Olivia Blake, as he knew all about most people.

Her jointure was small, but she lived well within her income, and would be the last person in the world to sacrifice her savage pride for pecuniary help.

"Well, she is a mystery; but what woman is not?" he decided, dismissing the subject with a well-pleased shrug of his expansive shoulders.

She has fallen off awfully in her looks.

"Never saw a woman so changed in my life!

"The Spanish blood tells when you get into the thirties, I suppose; and of course she felt De Gretton's death.

"Still, in everything but beauty, she is greatly improved.

"I shall certainly cultivate her—for the sake of Cristine."

And cultivate her he did, though much at first against Cristine's will.

He was a little startled certainly when he learned that his fair betrothed was the stepsister of that unhappy Lady de Gretton whose tragic story he knew but in imperfect outline.

When he found that Lady Olivia made no objections on that score, but rather caught eagerly at the proffered intimacy, he laughed Cristine's scruples resolutely away.

"It will be a capital thing for you, Cris: the very fact of her being De Gretton's cousin makes the friendship most desirable.

"Of course the wretched girl was really no relation of yours, and were in no way mixed up in her affairs.

"Why, Cris, what a ghost you look!"

"I cannot bear to—to, to talk of that time!" faltered Cristine.

"Then you shall not talk of it," the Baron said, pinching the pale cheek till the color came.

"Talk of your wedding-dress, or Lady Olivia Blake!"

So the two women drifted together again—and Lady Olivia Blake—who, in the old days, had been barely conscious of Miss Singleton's existence—now took the oddest fancy to her, and seemed hardly happy when out of her sight.

Even the Baron, who at first watched the growing friendship with much complacency, grew at last a little jealous of the frequency with which she claimed Cristine.

"It is all very well in its way," he grumbled; "but I never get you to myself for an hour now.

"Lady Olivia is here, or you are at Lady Olivia's.

"Honestly, Cristine, do you not get a little tired of her ladyship, handsome and agreeable as she is?"

"Not tired," the girl said, with a little shudder, "but—but, Israel, at times—I am—afraid."

"Afraid!"

Benjuda turned her round, laying a weighty hand on either shoulder, and looking amusedly into the strangely troubled face.

"Why, you nervous goose, what harm do you think she will do you?"

"I think at times—she is mad," Cristine said slowly.

"By George, I should wonder a bit!"

The Baron released his captive, and nodded two or three times, as confirmatory circumstances rushed into his strong mind.

"That is the key to the riddle, is it?"

He stood thoughtfully considering the matter for a few minutes, then turned with startled fondness to Cristine.

"My darling," he said, throwing one arm round the slender waist and drawing the fair head down upon his shoulder, "I have been wrong to let you run so great a risk; you shall not stay in Green Street again."

There was real emotion in the full voice, real tenderness in the dark heavy-lided eyes.

And yet she, the cold, selfish Cristine, who had never yet put man's or woman's interest before her own, was willing to risk all this, a safe shelter, a happy future, all that Benjuda could offer, and that when she prized it most, rather than relinquish a quixotic scheme of expiation that in all probability would benefit no one.

But a wonderful change had taken place in Cristine Singleton within the last few days, a change that puzzled Benjuda, and left him wondering whether he should rejoice or grieve over the transformation that had been wrought.

In first dawn of this surprise the Baron was astonished to find how the intense admiration he had always felt for Cristine's beauty was changing to warm protecting tenderness for herself.

It was this later feeling that thrilled in his voice as he repeated, half defiantly, that they had had enough of Lady Olivia, and he would never trust his treasure in her grasp again.

But Cristine disengaged herself gently from his embrace, and, though there was an unwontedly grateful look in the crystal-clear blue eyes, they shone too with a very resolute light as she shook her blond head and said, with a pretty careless smile—

"I must pick my words indeed if you attach to them such deep and awful meaning.

"Lady Olivia may be a little 'cracked' on one or two points—candidly speaking, I think she is; but on most she is as sane as her neighbors, and, as for harming me—well," she added, with a laugh that had, the Baron thought, a very sorroy ring, "Vance would tell you that 'naught is never in danger.'

"Since he has taken to himself a wife, you know, I am nothing in his sight."

"But everything in mine," said Benjuda; "and I forbid you to run risks."

"My dear Israel, there are no risks to run.

"Why should we offend Lady Olivia and make ourselves absurd for a fancy quite as ridiculous as those that cause us to suspect her sanity?

"I am not afraid of lamps or sunshine, and those are the only weapons with which she wars upon her friends."

The Baron was silenced, but not convinced.

He sought uncomfortably for reasons, Cristine went on easily—

"I am the more vexed to have put this fancy in your head just now because I have promised to spend Thursday, Friday, and Saturday in Green Street."

Benjuda turned with an uneasy frown on his face.

"Quite promised, Cristine?"

"Irrevocably; so it is useless to discuss the matter."

The Baron paced the room in much perplexity, his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, his black head bent down, and his black brows brought together.

Suddenly he paused beside Cristine's chair.

"Well, I do not suppose it can be helped now," he said, with extreme reluctance. "You must keep your promise, though I wish it had never been made.

"But, mind, no more promises, Cristine. We will call in Green Street as often as her ladyship likes together, but this must be the last long visit that you pay."

"I mean it to be," Cristine said quietly; "thank you, dear, for not thwarting me in this."

CHAPTER XXI.

"AT last!" Lady Olivia said, coming forward with a long-drawn breath of relief to welcome her visitor.

"I really thought you were never coming Cristine."

Cristine seemed slightly uneasy, as though the warmth of the greeting oppressed her.

She even shrank a little from Lady Olivia's feverish touch, and rather endured her kiss than returned it.

At least, if it were not so actually, Lady Olivia fancied all these things.

The fancy was strong enough to banish the smile from her lips and bring a dangerous glitter to the sombre eyes.

"Even she," she muttered below her breath, as she turned her back abruptly on her guest—"even she dares to shrink from me!"

"I beg your pardon."

Cristine looked up with puzzled eyes, aware of the harsh muttered sound, but unable to distinguish any words.

"I think you spoke, Lady Olivia?"

"I did, but not to you," was the swift fierce answer, but, in speaking it, even Lady Olivia became aware that she was passing the limits of her usual eccentricity, and treating her guest in an altogether unpermissible fashion.

She cleared her brows, and, forcing a smile with obvious effort, seated herself on the lounge by Cristine's side.

"Forgive me, dear," she said, in her most winning tones—and Lady Olivia could be very winning when she chose—"I am 'eccentric' and 'peculiar'—all the world will tell you that, if you have not made the discovery yourself; and one of my eccentric peculiarities is this habit of soliloquy. I am sure you know that I did not mean to offend you."

The mist cleared from her eyes, the dizziness passed away after a few minutes, a few seconds perhaps.

She remembered the task she had set herself, the work she had to do—and, for good or evil, Cristine's nature was enduring and strong.

She answered Lady Olivia's careless questions about her mother and the Baron in the same easy and indifferent tones; but never once did the clear blue eyes relax their watch on the dark passionate face.

It was strangely altered since Cristine had first seen in the days preceding Nora's wedding, though it had been a face that told a story even then.

But then—despite the wear and tear of years and the fierce strife of passion—it had been a type of a brilliant Southern beauty; now the tints had faded to a gray ghastly pallor, the fine line of the cheek was absolutely fleshless, the black hair was thickly streaked with gray, nothing was left of the once regal beauty save the slender upright figure and the great sombre eyes through which there looked forth the piteous, desolate misery of a lost soul.

Cristine Singleton was by no means a sensitive or ultra-delicate person.

It was a terrible trial to her to sit at meat and break bread with the woman whose guilty secret she had determined to discover and betray.

The delicate dishes that Lady Olivia's cook had prepared with special care for the dainty tete-a-tete meal were worse than dust and ashes to her lips—she longed to push them away, to be free for the work on hand.

It was no comfort to her to see that her hostess had no better relish for the meal than she, though, with something that hovered between comfort and disgust, she noticed that, while Lady Olivia sent plate after plate untasted away, her glass was constantly refilled, and as constantly drained, with feverish quickness.

"Surely she will speak now!" the girl thought, with a sickening thrill of terror, as they made their way back across the small brightly-lighted corridor, and into the little drawing-room that seemed one dazzling glow of light to Miss Singleton's unaccounted eyes.

"I wish—I wish to-night were over; the task grows more odious every moment. I chose the part of Judas once. Am I doomed to play it to my life's end?"

But all the wine she drank seemed to have small effect in loosening Lady Olivia's tongue.

She sat on in a sort of stolid silence for so long a time after they reached the drawing-room that Cristine, to conceal the nervous tremor that had seized her, was forced to take refuge in a photographic album, and pore, with apparently absorbed interest, over a collection of utterly unknown and altogether uninteresting faces.

No, not altogether unknown.

One face, at least, was fatally familiar.

As her eyes rested on the clearly-cut features, the strange sunken eyes, and aristocratic head of Lord de Gretton, the past, with all its dread and all its horror, came rushing back upon her mind.

She turned the page, with a little shuddering sigh that was echoed by a strange grating laugh.

"You are looking at my cousin's picture, Cristine."

Lady Olivia had leaned both elbows upon the table, and, with her dark face framed in her hollowed palms, was watching her guest with restless glittering eyes.

Cristine knew that the moment she had longed for, and yet dreaded, was come.

"Yes," she said; and to her own ears her voice sounded forced and husky, though Lady Olivia noticed no change.

"I—I do not care to see it—it brings painful recollections to my mind."

"Does it?"

Lady Olivia drew the book across the table, and looked at the pictured face with a grim and cruel smile.

"Now I love to look at it, night and morning—morning and night! Is it not strange?"

It was indeed, Cristine thought, if what she firmly believed were true.

But, even if her suspicions wronged Lady Olivia, the picture in itself was hardly a cheerful object to contemplate "night and morning."

Just beneath it was scrawled in glaring red ink, "Dead, dead, dead!" and all around the margin were grotesquely-sketched representations of the gallows and all its ghastly accessories.

"Is it not strange?" Lady Olivia repeated half angrily. "You do not answer me, Cristine!"

Cristine forced herself to speak, even to smile deprecatingly over the well-considered words.

"Well, considering how the picture is framed, the taste is a little morbid perhaps; but I have always heard that you were much attached to your cousin."

Lady Olivia darted an angry and suspicious glance across the table, and her thin red lip quivered.

But nothing could be more perfect than the repose of the slender figure in the pretty white dress, nothing more languid than the interest of the large light eyes.

Cristine's placid exterior served her well in this instance, for it veiled an agonized intensity of suspense that, if revealed, must have put even the half-crazed woman she dealt with on her guard.

As it was, a glance reassured her; and she went on, with a reckless laugh—

"Oh, yes, I was very fond of De Gretton, of course; all the world says so, and the world is always right!

"You know my cousin Cristine; did you not love him dearly?"

The sharp sudden question startled Miss Singleton into the utterance of the simple truth.

"I? Most certainly not; but I had no cause to love him."

"Did your step-sister—did Nora Bruce? Ah"—with a repetition of the harsh triumphant laugh that jarred so horribly on the girl's overwrought nerves—"you think she gave that question a sufficient answer on her wedding-day? Well, perhaps she did; and——"

"Perhaps she did not," Cristine finished sternly.

She hardly knew what impulse prompted her to speak.

The voice, low, clear, and with a strange thrill in its sternness, hardly seemed her own.

It was as though an accusing angel spoke through her lips.

Lady Olivia's face grew ghastly in its gray pallor.

She caught unsteadily at the table, and said hoarsely—

"I do not understand you—what do you mean?"

"I mean that all the world took Nora's guilt too much for granted. Had she lived ——"

"Had she lived, things would have been different," Lady Olivia said, a sudden fire lighting her moody eyes and thrilling Cristine with as sudden a hope; "but, bah, she did not live, and the world was quite right to see in her suicide a confession of her guilt!"

"I do not think so," Cristine said, with the calmness of assured conviction.

The other eyed her hungrily for a second or so, as though trying to pierce the mask of the fair smooth face and read the secret it hid.

Failing in that, she said, with a fierce insolence of scorn—

"You are the last person I should have expected to find defending Lady de Gretton—you who helped to prove her guilt."

"Who helped to fix suspicion upon her," Cristine corrected quietly, though the rare color flickered in her cheek; and her breath came and went a little sharply.

"Well, it is a mere difference of words. Even you—you who hated her, and were jealous of her good fortune and superior charms—even you did not try to swear her life away believing her to be innocent."

"No, I thought her guilty then.

"And now?"

Lady Olivia passed her handkerchief across her forehead.

And watching her with mechanical attention, the girl saw that, when she removed it, it was not wet with the cold drops of a mortal terror.

"And now?"

"Now I do not."

The black eyes and the blue met in a sort of challenge and reply—stern accusation in the one, abject maddened fear within the other—for a second soul spoke to soul in language painfully intelligible.

Then, dropping her white lids, Cristine said gravely—

"But, pardon me, Lady Olivia, this is a question that can hardly be decently discussed between you and me."

There was a daring venture in this speech for in reality nothing was farther from Cristine's intention than to let the subject drop.

Abhorrent as was the task she had set herself she must go through with it.

She knew in that lay the only chance of expiating her own sin.

It was a strange irony of fate that made her the avenger of Nora's wrongs; but that fate was working through her now she did not doubt.

So she watched the effect of her words with some anxiety.

If, as might well happen, Lady Olivia availed herself eagerly of the offered chance of escape from a subject that abounded with traps and pitfalls of the most ruinous kind, she must be brought back to it at any cost.

If she pursued the conversation from its present point, they would touch on matters of vital import next—in any case, the crisis must come soon.

Lady Olivia made no effort to retort; with a dreadful fascinated stare she looked across the table, and said, with a strained contortion of the lips, probably intended for a smile—

"Pardon me; I think we are just the people to discuss the matter—we both hated them, the dead woman and man, you know."

"You had no cause to hate Nora," Cristine said sadly.

"And you had! Bah! I did not hate her!" Lady Olivia cried, with an evident sincerity of scorn.

"Why should I hate the poor spiritless creature who let herself be sold like a bale of goods to the highest bidder, who was sacrificed to your jealousy and your mother's ambition?

"I did hate her once, and went determined to tell her so, to tell her what good cause I had for hate; but it is useless talking—I could as soon have harmed a child or a dog as my prosperous and envied rival. So far as her life went, she was safe from me."

"And yet her life was taken!"

Cristine spoke as in quiet contemplation. Moving her arm abruptly, Lady Olivia swept a crystal vase, filled with pale exotics, from the table.

The crystal was shattered.

The water ran in a bright rivulet along the carpet, the flowers were scattered right and left.

But, heavy as was the crash and utter the ruin it wrought, neither woman even turned to look.

"She took it herself; I never harmed her!" Lady Olivia broke the silence in a harsh strained voice, speaking rather to herself than her companion. "I swear I never meant to injure her; yet I see her always, when I sleep and when I wake, with her pale, pale face and great reproachful eyes. She hated him as I did, and, had she lived——"

"She would have perished on the scaffold as his murderess!"

Never moving the bright light eyes, in which there seemed to lurk something of mesmeric power to draw forth the secret of a guilty soul from the wildly-working face, Cristine spoke slowly and in low vibrating tones.

Lady Olivia trembled from head to foot, and moved her parched lips in a vain effort at speech; but words failed her, and Cristine went on mercilessly—

"Yes all the world believed her guilty of her husband's murder, all the world would have adjudged her death."

"And yet she should not have died!" Lady Olivia broke in, with sudden electrifying vehemence and passion. "No, as Heaven is my witness, I never dreamed of that! You would have sacrificed her, not I. Had the police persisted in their blind blunder, had Nora been condemned to—death, I would have saved her at the last."

"How?"

The quiet question seemed to bring the excited woman back from the wild dreamland into which her thoughts had wandered.

She dropped back suddenly into the chair from which she had risen in her excitement, and sat there gazing with a dreadful vacant stare at Cristine's face.

"How?" Cristine repeated, in her cold clear voice, that never broke nor faltered, and seemed so much the more terrible for its very calmness. "Shall I tell you, Lady Olivia? Rather than see Nora perish for a crime of which you, of all people, best knew her guiltless, you would have confessed."

"Ah!"

The shrill harsh cry that broke from Lady Olivia's lips had more of agony than indignation in its ring.

For a second the woman rocked herself to and fro, as in an agony of speechless pain, then by a violent effort she raised the haggard eyes she vainly tried to make defiant to the pale face of her young Judge, and said, with a hard mechanical sort of resentment—

"Are you mad, Miss Singleton, to speak so to me? What had I to confess?"

"Your cousin's murder."

Lady Olivia tried to laugh, but shuddered at the sound that came from her dry lips.

"You are mad," she said, with something like her old disdainful manner. "In your anxiety to clear the name of your dead sister, whose life you did not make too happy, I believe, you forget yourself and are insolent to me."

Cristene rose then, and for once the fair serene face was stirred by strong emotion—for once the clear voice lost its silver ring.

"Tell me," she said abruptly; "did you mean what you said just now? If Nora had lived you would have tried to save her? Would you try still if—if she were living now?"

"Yes."

"At any sacrifice, at any cost?"

"Yes."

Again the one word, no more; but the fire of the dark eyes, the tightening of the thin lips, filled Cristine with the wildest hope.

"Then—oh Heaven forgive me if I harm her once again—if, for the desperate chance of saving her, I—— Lady Olivia"—dropping suddenly upon her knees by the side of the desolate crouching figure—"I place her life in your hands! Nora is not dead."

Slowly the blank bewilderment of the great haggard eyes changed to a comprehending horror. The stricken creature pressed her hand against her side with strained convulsive force, and for a moment no sound broke the terrible silence; then suddenly she cried—

"Not dead! Not dead! Oh, it cannot be—it is not true!"

"It is most true. Dead to happiness and all that makes life sweet, dead to the world from which she hides herself away, like the guilty creature it thinks her, Nora is still living."

Trembling from head to foot like a woman smitten with the palsy, Lady Olivia sat wrestling with herself and her better angel.

If Nora lived, she, crushed already by the burden of one sin—a sin that had seemed to her but wild justice once, that haunted and maddened her now—must incur the guilt of another, more cowardly, cruel, and cold-blooded than the last, or else—or else——

There rose before her with cruel distinctness the vision of a scaffold and a rope.

She had read of such things, studied their details indeed with a morbid avidity of late, and, as she stared with blank wide eyes into the dazzling light, she saw herself in the gray dawn face to face with death, and worse than death, with all the shame and horror of an execution.

Almost, it seemed to her, she heard the priest's solemn monotone chanting the burial service, the hoarse murmur of the outer crowd, the tolling of the bell that sounded for the living—felt the rough touch of the hangman's hand, knew that the shameful fetters galled her delicate wrists and the rope grazed the fair white throat; then she broke down, with a wild heart-broken cry—

"I cannot! Oh, I cannot! At least her life is safe!"

"Yes, in the living death you doom her," Cristine said sternly; and then she broke down.

The wild hope and sickening disappointment that alternately swayed her had almost worn her out.

Lady Olivia had virtually confessed indeed but not in such fashion as would serve Nora, not in such fashion that she could not instantly retract; and now, now that she knew of Nora's existence, she might turn the tables terribly upon them.

Cristine's heart almost failed her with this last thought—that she should be the person through whom Nora might be betrayed into her enemy's hands.

It would seem so natural to them all; she had played the part of Judas from the first, she would play it to the bitter end.

So they would judge and condemn. Arthur Beaupre, Vance, Benjuda, even Nora, generous Nora, who had forgiven her all, and begged forgiveness for her from the others.

To do her justice, that was the bitterest drop within her cup.

The defection of Benjuda, the loss of all for which she had so schemed and planned, hurt her less than the thought that, in her too great eagerness to make atonement, she had done the girl an irreparable wrong; all the anger of the others seemed as nothing to the mute reproach of Nora's great sad eyes.

She moved restlessly up and down the room, passing and repassing Lady Olivia's chair, brushing the motionless figure with her dress, gazing upon the rigid face as though she would tear forth the secret that it hid, then suddenly she dropped into the chair from which she had risen and broke into a wild passion of hysterical tears.

"Oh, that I had not spoken, that I had placed no faith in your words!" she sobbed, in fierce impotent regret. "Oh that I had perilled my own life rather than have done her this last wrong!"

Slowly with a slow mechanical action, Lady Olivia turned her head, and the great dark-rimmed eyes rested on the flushed face, with a fierce contempt.

This nature that was treacherous and true by turns, that could love and unlove, hate and pity, was an incomprehensible riddle to her.

She loved once and hated forever, for those who had wronged her she was merciless; but she was not of those who could easily, or without scruple, let others bear the burden of her sin.

"Do not fear," she said, in a quiet resolute tone that startled Cristine to immediate attention; "you have done Lady de Gretton no harm. I would serve her if I could, even, as you say, at a sacrifice. And now good night—we will talk of this to-morrow."

Cristine was too bewildered to resist the mandate that dismissed her; and so the two women parted for the night, which was to be but a long grim vigil to both, as quietly as though there had been no tragic scene between them—only they never offered to clasp hands, and Lady Olivia shrank a little from the wild appeal of Cristine's blue eyes, even while she said gently—

"Sleep if you can, and forget this till the morning—I may have found some comfort for you then."

Again the wild hope leaped up in the girl's heart, to be succeeded by the fear that crushed it, as she noted the new calmness of the dark worn face.

She turned away with a heavy sigh, while Lady Olivia cried, with a short and bitter laugh—

"Come to my room early, Cristine—I may make my escape, you know."

And then, lamp in hand, she passed up the broad staircase, and Cristine saw her no more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CARE OF THE FEET.—When the feet are damp and cold it is impossible to keep well. There will be a cough or sore throat, or hoarseness, sick headache, or some other annoyance.

If cold and dry, the feet should be soaked in hot water for ten minutes every night, and when wiped and dried, rub into them well ten or fifteen drops of sweet oil; do this patiently with the hands, rubbing the oil into the soles of the feet particularly.

On getting up in the morning dip both feet at once into water as cold as the air of the room, half ankle deep for a minute in summer; half a minute or less in winter; rubbing one foot with the other, then wipe dry, and, if convenient, holding them to the fire, rubbing them with the hand until perfectly dry and warm in every part.

If the feet are damp and cold attend only to the morning washing, but at night always remove the stocking and hold the feet to the fire, rubbing them with the hands for fifteen minutes, and get immediately into bed.

Under any circumstances, as often as the feet are cold enough to attract attention draw off the stockings and hold them to the fire; if the feet are much inclined to dampness put on a pair of dry stockings, leaving the damp ones before the fire to be ready for another change.

Some persons' feet are more comfortable, even in winter, in cotton, others in woollen stockings. Each must be guided by his own feelings. Sometimes two pair of thin stockings keep the feet warmer than one pair which is thicker than both. The thin pairs may be of the same or different materials, and that which is best next to the feet should be determined by the feelings of the person.

Pieces of newspaper wrapped around the feet over the stockings keep the feet remarkably warm. Cold feet arise from the want of vigorous circulation in them; this is often remedied by putting them in hot water in a wooden vessel so as to cover the legs; in about ten minutes put both in cold water, the colder the better, of the same depth, for half a minute; the object being to produce a shock calculated to draw the warm blood to the soles; this may be done on retiring and rising. Nothing should be considered a trouble which can have even a slight tendency to keep the feet warm, because there never can be recovery from disease or substantial good health without it.

A REASON FOR MARRYING.—I know it is up-hill work rolling back a stone that has very nearly reached the bottom of the hill. I remember, some years ago, asking an old acquaintance, a peasant girl who lived up at Granaiolo, a commune perched high above the Bagni di Lucca, and whom I had seen for some time, whether she was married yet? Yes, she was. And to whom? Well, not to her old flame, but to some one else, of whom evidently she was not much enamored. But why had she done that? I asked. "Well, see, Sir," she began. "We have to do our work down here in the valley: and he lived up there; and, to tell you the truth, I was tired of going up-hill."

Scientific and Useful.

TO REMOVE STAINS.—Soaking linen in cold water will remove stains of every description. After soaking, have the linen bleached, if possible.

LAVENDER WATER.—Inexpensive lavender water is made by mixing three ounces of the essence of bergamot, six drachms of the tincture of musk, one drachm of the oil of cloves, four drachms of English oil of lavender, twelve ounces of rose water, and seven and one-half pints of alcohol. A smaller quantity can be made, preserving these proportions.

GREASE.—A mixture which is excellent for removing grease spots and stains from carpets and clothing is made of two ounces of ammonia, two ounces of white castile soap, one ounce of glycerine, one ounce of ether; cut the soap fine, dissolve in one pint of water over the fire; add two quarts of water. This should be mixed with water in the proportion of a teacupful to one ordinary sized pail of water.

RUBBER.—The rubber rings used to assist in keeping the air from fruit-cans sometimes become so dry and brittle as to be almost useless. They can be restored to a normal condition, usually, by letting them lie in water in which you have put a little ammonia. Mix in this proportion: one part ammonia and two parts water. Sometimes they do not need to lie in this more than five minutes, but frequently a half hour is needed to restore their elasticity.

SILK AND ELECTRICITY.—A young New Yorker has just received a gold medal from the Lyons Academy for an ingenious machine he has invented for the automatic reeling of silk from cocoons by means of electricity, which has been warmly received by the French silk-manufacturers. By the employment of this contrivance, silk can now be wound off the cocoons, which was previously impracticable, on account of the heavy cost of the labor expended on the work.

NEW GUN.—Among the most recent inventions in gunnery is a Gatling gun which can throw a battery of 104 cartridges with effect either upward or downward at any angle. Not only can a fort or intrenchment within 3500 yards be thus rendered untenable, but scaling parties, should they ever be introduced into warfare again, would have a new terror. The new gun is a base loading machine, worked by a spiral, and is now in the Colt Armory, Hartford.

FOG-HORN.—Some very interesting and successful experiments have lately been made with the Siren Fog-horn, which point to the conclusion that collisions can be rendered almost impossible by its use. The object of the experiments was to ascertain how far the apparatus was available for carrying on a conversation between two ships by means of short and long sounds, on the dot-and-dish or Morse alphabet system. Two vessels were chosen for these experiments, and on each was a fog-horn blown by steam and worked by a telegraph clerk. The ships separated until they were out of one another's sight; but in spite of this, a conversation was briskly kept up, and was readily read off and understood.

Farm and Garden.

TRY THE BEE.—Bee work without wages only requiring a house in which to store their products, and many persons, find them a source of very considerable profit. The methods of their proper management are easily acquired, though it is the experience of beekeepers that there is always something new to learn. If commenced with in a moderate way, say a couple of swarms at no very great cost, they will increase quite as rapidly as the knowledge of their manipulation is acquired. A person would be pretty sure of a good deal of experience, and would have reasonable grounds for expecting to realize a fair amount of money. Bees are clearly entitled to a place on the farm.

TO MAKE WOOD LAST.—A writer in an exchange says: "I discovered many years ago that wood could be made to last longer than iron in the ground, but thought the process so simple that it was not well to make a stir about it. I would as soon have poplar or basswood posts. I have taken out basswood posts after having been set seven years that were as sound when taken out as when first put in the ground. Time and weather seemed to have no effect upon them. The posts can be prepared for less than two cents apiece. This is the recipe. Take boiled linseed oil and stir in pulverized charcoal to the consistency of paint. Put a coat of this over the timber, and there is not a man that will live to see it rot.

HEDGES FOR ORNAMENT.—No one who has ever seen a rightly trimmed hedge of thorn, Barberry, or sweet Briar can have failed to perceive what an important element in the furnishing of a lawn it makes. It adds as much to the effect of all the decorative planting as a frame does to a handsome picture. And we possess now the immense advantage of being able to depend upon such a hedge alone for protection since the introduction of barbed wire. A single wire stretched along the hedge at about thirty inches from the ground effectually stops the breachiest of cattle, and is speedily hidden from sight by the growth of the plants, while the very unsightly and damaging paling fence, which used to be found indispensable as a support to the hedge, is no longer wanted. Nor do we need thorny plants or strong tree-like growers, so that the trimming of the hedge becomes an easy matter.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 26, 1884.

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THE VALUE OF EXERCISE.

The value of exercise is always dependent on the special needs of the particular organism exercised. The body, as a whole, inclusive of the brain, and therefore of what we are wont to call "the mind," is composed of a number of essentially separate, though combined, contributory and independent parts or apparatus.

Health is the result of the harmonious working together of these systems. Each one for itself obeys the universal law that a living organism feeds as it works. But as all, so to say, dine at the same table, if one is unduly—that is, excessively—exercised, so that it requires a disproportional amount of food, some other part or parts—perhaps the weakest—will be deprived of its natural supply, and suffer in consequence.

If any one part of the body, as a whole, be overworked or underfed, it is not likely to be beneficial, but the reverse, to overwork some other part. Nothing is gained by exhausting one part of the organism because another is exhausted. Practically, "overwork" means work which does not strengthen, but weakens. It may be either excessive in quantity or bad in quality. Whatever the defect may be, it must be remedied locally—that is to say, as regards the system which is at fault, not by setting some other system in action. In those cases which seem to be benefited by prescribing muscular exercise for mental work and work and worry entailing sleeplessness, the good gained is not due to the exercise of the muscular system, but to the relief of the brain.

Only in so far as increased muscular exercise may quicken the pulse and promote assimilation, does the physical exercise of the brain-worker advantage his mental health. It is physiologically impossible to repair the effects of nutrition in one part of the organism by making some other work and feed.

There is however, always behind and underlying these special considerations that all-important one to which we alluded just now; namely, that health consists in the harmonious working together of all the parts or systems of the organism. Therefore, to establish a normal state, the wise liver should so order his life and work as to give every part of his organism a sufficient incentive to nutrition. This can only be accomplished by insuring the activity of the body and mind throughout. General exercise must be made up of particular exercises, as general sleep is the sum of particular sleeps.

SANCTUM CHAT.

In Southern Arkansas there are many farm-houses that have not yet had a cooking-stove, and there are farmers who oppose railroads on the ground that locomotives would scare game out of the country.

—

THE Mormon Church now embraces a President, 12 apostles, 58 patriarchs, 3,885 sentinels, 3,153 high priests, 11,000 choirs, 1,500 bishops, and 4,406 deacons. In Arizona there is a membership of 2,363; in Idaho, twice as many, and missionaries are hard at work all over Europe and the United States.

—

AN analysis of matrimonial advertisements in Germany shows that three times as many women as men seek partners in that manner; that women are far less particular about age than men, but far more particular about family position, and that religious faith is of secondary consideration with most advertisers of both sexes.

—

ONE cannot be too careful. A medical practitioner at East Cambridge, Mass., inadvertently rubbed his eye with the hand with which he had manipulated the diseased limb of a patient a short time before. The eye soon became inflamed in consequence of the absorption of an active poison from the patient, and in a few days after the doctor entirely lost the sight of one eye.

—

THE increase of insanity is not confined to this country. In 1808 the number of lunatics reported in France was 34,000; today it is nearly 60,000. It should be remembered, however, that such statistics presumably become more accurate and complete every year; and moreover that many a re pronounced insane who would have been considered merely eccentric fifteen years ago. There are 103 lunatic asylums in France, of which sixty-one are public and and forty-two private.

—

BY long continued observation, supplemented by experiment, upon rabbits, a German investigator has convinced himself that premature baldness may be communicated from one person to another—at least, in the form associated with dandruff. He believes that the disease is spread by hairdressers, who employ combs and brushes on their customers in succession without any regular cleaning of the article after it has been used.

—

IT is proposed to hold in London, in May, 1884, an International Health Exhibition. It will occupy the buildings erected for the International Fisheries Exhibition, and will illustrate as vividly, and in as practical a manner as possible, food, dress, the dwelling, the school, and the workshop, as affecting the condition of healthful life, and also to bring into public notice the most recent appliances for elementary teaching and instruction in applied science, art and handicrafts.

—

THE new Grand Opera House in Paris is not likely to prove popular with operagoers. It is so large that it would be impossible for one to see the whole audience. People go to the theatre to be seen and to see, and where you cannot see anybody, is no opera house at all. The old opera-house was a drawing-room, where everybody had his niche, where he was visible to all, and all were visible to him. The new opera house is a camp meeting, where everybody has his booth, where nobody is seen or sees.

—

"ONE year ago," says a New York paper, "it was considered the thing for a young lady to carry around in her walks abroad a pug dog or a Skye terrier. Nothing could better illustrate the devotion to 'style,' for the sake of which so many people sacrifice themselves. It can scarcely be an easy task for a young girl to carry ten or fifteen pounds of dog in her arms for a mile or two, and surely a more curious addition to the toilet can hardly be imagined. The fashion has changed lately somewhat, and the Fifth Avenue belle is seen accompanied by a sleek greyhound or a stately mastiff. Under her left arm she carries a whip with a long lash—not for use, but as an accompaniment to the dog."

—

MARYLAND'S marriage laws have been so poorly framed by the State Legislature, that if put to the test in court, hardly any of them would be found legally binding. Persons marrying even as the law directs, are married or not as long as they choose to consider themselves so; not even mutual consent is necessary for its dissolution. Boys and girls of twelve can marry, without the consent of their parents, and the law recognizes the ties as legal and binding; while relationship need not be considered an insurmountable obstacle to wedlock. Of course, there are legislative enactments covering all these points, and providing penalties; but the disregard of certain provisions in the law results in nullity.

—

MARRIAGE, which is often called a lottery, is full of hypocrisy. Who courts honestly? A young man and woman meet at a party; he is attracted by a pretty face, a flashing eye, or golden curls. An introduction follows, and a conversation full of unmeaning nothings. They part, determined to deceive each other, and, when they meet again, both are wreathed in smiles, and each practices every art to gain the affection of the other. Captivation becomes adoration; they are engaged; they marry, and too often the old saying is realized: "She gets a fool for a husband, and he gets a fool for a wife." Neither has found that which each should have—a companion.

—

IT may be said that diners should know when to stop, unless they are beasts, and not men. There may be force in this proposition, yet one may be lured beyond the bounds of prudence by a multiplicity of dishes so tempting in their excellence as to be irresistible, and yet be a man, and not a beast, either. A skillful cook can make a man hungry and keep him so until he has swallowed his last mouthful, and then tantalize him with delicacies which he will long for with eagerness, and yet have no further capacity to accommodate. The dinner-giver, if he be a wise one, will look to this, especially if brilliancy in his guests be an object to him. The corking process answers well enough in preserving the life sparkle of wine, but it is certain death to the exuberance of wit.

—

CARPETS or no carpets. That is the question; and not a very easy question to answer, as the circumstances differ greatly. A hard, good floor is much used now, but if carpets are preferred for the kitchen or dining-room, we can make a few suggestions that may be of use. There is a paper made expressly for putting on the floor before the carpet is laid. It is not expensive, and will last a life-time. It takes all the dust, and makes house-cleaning much easier. A carpet-sweeper is a great comfort. The ordinary broom sweeps the dust up into the room, and cover the sweeper, as well as the furniture and curtains with dust, which never gets quite out of the room. Another plan for keeping clean is to have a carpet that does not cover the entire surface of the floor; a space of about two feet is left, and the heavy furniture does not need to be moved.

—

NEGLIGENT hand-work paves the way for listless brain-work. Most of the slip-shod, uncertain calculations made by clerks and others which require continual checking and correcting, and involve loss of time, temper and money, are due to the equally slip-shod habits of using their eyes and hands, into which they have drifted. Every employment—even those demanding literary, scientific and artistic abilities, is thronged with inefficient laborers who have never learned to do any one thing thoroughly and well. Had their eyes and hands been trained in childhood to some definite occupation, had they been taught accuracy, neatness and despatch in any one of the numerous branches of manual work, it is more than probable the habits thus engendered would have rescued them from the sad fate of being profitless bunglers in other departments of life.

—

THE model of the flying-machine with which an English inventor expects to navigate the air at the rate of sixty miles an hour, resembles an elongated tricycle with a cigar-shaped body for the engine, fuel and navigator. It is twenty feet long, fifteen feet wide, eight and one-half feet high, and weighs 240 pounds. The lifting-gear consists of two square frames about three feet deep, containing parallel sails like an open Venetian blind, and so placed that the air impinges on their lower surfaces. The source of motion is a large wheel, with canvas-covered spokes, shaped like the screw of a steam vessel. The rudder is kite-shaped, with the point at the extremity. The machine was recently attached to an engine on the Great Western Railroad, and when a speed of thirty-five miles was attained it rose and flew through the air, the total forward pull amounting to only twenty-four pounds. Treadles are attached to the wheels, so as to allow a gradual start. For power the inventor is disposed to rely more upon high pressure steam than upon electricity or compressed air.

—

THE project of flooding the Sahara, and thus opening up Central Africa to commerce and civilization, appears to be reviving—the opinion still being urged by geographers and engineers that, if the water of the ocean could thus be let into that desert, the climate, the soil, and the sanitary condition would all be improved. Though nearly two-thirds as large as Europe, and containing some two hundred million inhabitants, the only communication with the rest of the world lies in the caravan tracks. In the Sahara desert there is a remarkable depression covering an area of about 60,000 miles, and said to extend from within about twelve miles of the seashore to regions in the close neighborhood of Timbuctoo. The theory of both ancient and modern geographers has been that this was originally filled with water, which flowed into the ocean, but that, a bar having gradually formed at the entrance, the flow inward was stopped, and the heat of a vertical sun caused the inside water to evaporate. The practicability of reopening this ancient channel is the great question.

FAIRY VOICES.

BY E. T. W.

Ever gladsome fairy voices,
  Wafted by the balmy breeze,
To your melody I've listen'd
  In the whispering of the trees.
Softly sounds your silvery music
  In the playful, murmuring rill,
Sighing, sighing, never dying,
  Sweetly murmuring, sighing still

Tuneful ever, fairy voices,
  On my ear you gently fall;
Bleating flocks and warbling songsters,
  Ye have fairy voices all.
How I love th' enchanting echoes
  Gaily ringing through the glade,
Sounding, bounding, and resounding,
  Lingering fondly till they fade.

Welcome ever, fairy voices,
  Chiming from the village bells;
Fairy voices from the sea-shore,
  Fairy voices in the shells.
Life should ne'er be dull and dreary
  With such music to rejoice,
Singing, ringing, ever bringing
  Gladness with each fairy voice.

Behind the Tapestry.

BY L. T. MEADE.

THE first part of the strange story which I am about to tell happened some ten years ago.

Ten years ago I was in the first sorrow of my widowhood. I was childless, too; and when the grave closed over my husband I thought there was no place left for me in the world.

I was rich, young; and my friends, and my own reflection in the glass, told me that I was beautiful.

Of course I had many acquaintances: what rich young widow has not?

But acquaintances and friends differ widely.

I did not care for the people who flattered and made much of me, but I turned, even in the first days of my trouble, to one friend.

She, too, was young and beautiful

We were school-fellows; we were engaged at the same time; we were married in the same month of the same year.

During the three years of my married life we had seen little of each other, but when my husband died, and Mary Clifford wrote to me tenderly out of her full heart, I answered back her love.

She asked me to stay with her.

And I went.

How peaceful were those days spent in her beautiful home!

The house and place were called Aspen's Vale.

The house was many centuries old.

Its architecture was remarkable; its rooms curious.

It was a rambling old place, and of course it had a ghost.

It stood in the midst of very lovely grounds, overlooking wood and river.

Altogether it was one of the show-places in ——shire.

I stayed with the Cliffords for a couple of months. During that time the house was quiet, visitors few—they eschewed company for my sake.

At the end of two months I left them, comforted and helped, and with many promises of a return by-and-by.

Circumstances, however, too varied and too many to mention, prevented that second visit taking place for a couple of years.

At the end of that time a great longing came over me to see Mary Clifford again.

I must write to her, and propose a visit.

I did so.

By return of post I got a short, but characteristic, reply:—

"DEAREST HONOR,—Of course I long to see you, but unfortunately the house is full. Large as it is, it is crammed from cellar to attic.

"My dear, I don't want to refuse you. I do long to see you. Will you sleep in the Tapestry room? for of course *it* is empty. I dare not put anybody else there, but I don't think you, Honor, will be afraid of the ghost. If the Tapestry room will do, come, and a thousand welcomes. I can put up your maid—Your loving Friend,

"MARY CLIFFORD."

To this letter I made a short answer:—

"I do not believe in the ghost. The Tapestry room will do beautifully. Expect me to-morrow."

The next evening I arrived at Aspen's Vale in time for dinner.

The Tapestry room looked charming.

I fell in love with it on the spot, and vowed laughingly that the ghost and I would make friends.

My Maid, however, looked grave over my jesting remarks; it was plain that she believed in supernatural visitations.

Gaiety of heart, however, was over me.

I could not resist the cheerful influence of my old friend's company.

I felt happier than I had done since my husband's death, and after a very delightful evening, retired to my room, feeling brave enough to encounter any number of ghosts that might choose to visit me.

The tapestry room was quite away from the rest of the house—it was at the extreme end of a wing.

No other bed-rooms were in this wing.

There were a smoking room, a morning-room, and a little oriel chamber, which Mrs. Clifford in her early married life had curiously fitted up for herself, but now seldom occupied.

Neither did she believe in the ghost, but she confessed that this little oriel chamber had an eerie feel.

The morning-room opposite, cheerful and pretty enough, was unused.

Its furniture was antique, it belonged to a bygone day, and its inhabitants were dead. The smoking room also was deserted; even the fumes of tobacco had left it, the squire preferring a more central apartment in the modern part of the house,

Altogether, this wing of the old house seemed dead.

Visitors only came to it out of curiosity; they paid brief visits, and preferred doing so in broad daylight.

It must have been quite a hundred years since the Tapestry room in the far end of this wing had been slept in.

Old as the other rooms in the wing looked, the Tapestry room bore quite the palm for ancient appearance.

There was not an article of furniture in it not a chair, not a table, which must not have seen the light of centuries.

The furniture was all of the blackest oak, the bedstead the usual four-poster on which our ancestors loved to stretch themselves.

But the curious feature of the room, that which gave it its name, was the tapestry.

Not an inch of the walls was to be seen; they were hung completely with very ancient and very faded tapestry.

There was a story about this tapestry.

One Dame Clifford, of long, long bygone days, had worked it, with the help of her maidens.

She had come to an untimely end on the very day on which the great work of her life had been completed.

It does not matter to this story what became of the proud and fair dame, but it was her ghost that was said to haunt the wing, and the Tapestry chamber in particular.

Warden, my maid, as she helped me to undress, looked quite pale with terror.

"They do say, ma'am, as Dame Clare Clifford appears with her head tucked under her arm, and threads from the old tapestry hanging to her skeleton fingers. She's dressed in grey silk, that don't rustle never a bit, though 'tis so thick it might stand all alone, they do say. 'Tis awful lonesome for you, madam, to sleep here alone, and I'll stay with you with pleasure if it comes to that, though my nerves aren't none of the strongest."

I thanked Warden, however, and assured her that I was not in the least afraid; and she, with a well relieved face, left me alone.

I heard her footsteps echoing down the corridor—they died away.

I was now out of reach of all human help, for in this distant room, in this distant wing, no possible sounds could reach any other inhabitants of Aspen's Vale.

I think I have implied that I was brave.

In my girlhood, in my short married life, even in the sad depression of my early widowhood, I had never known physical fear; nevertheless, when the last of Warden's footsteps echoed out and died, and that profound stillness followed which can be oppressive, I had a curious sensation.

I did not call it fear, I did not know it for that grim and pale-faced tyrant; but it made me uncomfortable, and caused my heart to beat irregularly.

The sensation was this—I felt that *I was not alone.*

Of course it was fancy and what had I to do with fancy?

I determined to banish this uncomfortable feeling from my mind, and stirring the fire to a cheerful blaze, I drew one of the black oak chairs near it and sat down.

Warden had looked so pale and frightened before she left me, that out of consideration for her feelings I had allowed her to leave the jewels which I had worn that evening on the dressing-table.

There they lay, a set of very valuable brilliants.

There was an old-fashioned mirror over the mantel-piece, and as I sat by the fire I saw the reflection of my diamonds in the glass.

As I noticed their sparkle, again that strange sensation returned: this time more strongly, this time with a cold shiver.

I was not alone.

Who was in the Tapestry chamber? Was it the ghost?

Was that story true, after all? Of course I did not believe it.

I laughed aloud as the idea came to me.

I felt that I was getting quite silly and nervous.

There was nothing for me but to get into bed as quickly as possible.

I was about to arise from my easy-chair and go over to my four-poster, when again my attention was attracted to the glass over my head.

It was hung in such a way as to reveal a large portion of the room, and now I saw, not the diamonds, but—something else.

In the folds of the dim and old world tapestry I saw something move and glitter.

I looked again; there was no mistaking it—it was an Eye, a human eye, looking fixedly at me through a hole in the canvas.

Now I knew why I felt that I was not alone.

There was someone hidden between the tapestry hangings and the wall of the chamber.

Some one—not a ghost.

That eye was human, or I had never looked on human eye before.

I was alone with a thief, perhaps worse, and gems of immense value lay within his reach.

I was absolutely alone, not a soul could hear the most agonised cry for help in this distant room.

Now I knew—if I had ever doubted it before—that I was a very brave woman.

The eminence of the peril steadied the nerves which a few minutes before were beginning strangely to quiver.

I neither started nor exclaimed.

I felt that I had in no way betrayed my knowledge to my terrible guest.

I sat perfectly still, thinking out the situation and my chances of escape.

Nothing but consummate coolness could win the victory.

I resolved to be very cool.

With a fervent and passionate cry to One above for succor, I rose from my chair, and going to the dressing-table, I slipped several costly rings off my fingers.

I denuded myself of all but my wedding ring.

Then I put the extinguishers on the candles—they were wax, and stood in massive silver candlesticks. The room, however, was still brilliant with the light of the fire on the hearth.

I got into bed, laid my head on the pillow, and closed my eyes.

It may have been ten minutes—it seemed more like an hour to my strained senses—before I heard the faintest movement.

Then I discovered a little rustle behind the tapestry, and a man got out.

When he did so I opened my eyes wide; at that distance he could not possibly see whether they were open or shut.

He was a powerful man of great height and breadth.

He had a black beard, and a quantity of thick black hair.

I noticed his features, which were tolerably regular.

I also noticed another peculiarity; amongst his raven locks was one perfectly white.

One rather thick white lock was flung back off his forehead—so white was it that the fire-light instantly revealed it to me.

The man did not glance toward the bed, he went straight, with no particularly quiet step, to the dressing-table.

I closed my eyes now, but I heard him taking up my trinkets and dropping them again.

Then he approached the bedside.

I felt him come close, I felt his breath as he bent over me.

I was lying on my side, my eyes were shut, I was breathing gently.

He went away again; he returned to the dressing-table.

I heard him rather noisily strike a match, then with a lighted candle in his hand he once more approached the bed.

This time he bent very low indeed, and I felt the heat of the flame as he passed it softly before my closed eyes.

I lay still, however; not a movement, not a hurried breath, betrayed me.

I heard him give a short and satisfied sigh.

Again, candle in hand, he returned to the dressing-table.

Once more I heard the clinking sound of my trinkets as they fell through his fingers.

There was a pause, and then—for no reason that I could ever explain—he left the trinkets untouched on the table, and went to the door.

He opened the door silently and went out.

I did not know what he went for—perhaps to fetch a companion, certainly to return—but I did know that my opportunity had come.

In an instant—and quicker than thought—I had started up from my feigned slumbers.

I was at the door; I had bolted and locked it.

There were several bolts and chains to this old-fashioned door.

I drew every bolt, I made every rusty chain secure.

I was not an instant too soon.

I had scarcely fastened the last chain, with fingers that trembled, before the thief returned.

He saw that he had been outwitted, and his anger knew no bounds.

He kicked at the door, and called on me to open it.

He assured me that he had accomplices outside, that they would soon burst the door from its hinges, and that my life would be the forfeit.

To my terror, I perceived that his words were no idle boast.

The old door, secured by its many fastenings on the one side, was weak on the other.

Its hinges were nearly eaten through with rust.

They needed but a few vigorous kicks to burst them from their resting-places in the wood.

I knew that I was only protected for a few minutes; that even if the thief was alone, he had but to continue to assail the door as vigorously as he was now doing for a little longer to gain a fresh entrance into my chamber.

I rushed to the window, threw up the sash, and bent half out.

Into the clear, calm air of the night I sent my strong young voice:

"Help, help! Thieves! Fire! Danger! Help!"

I shouted these words over and over, but only an echo answered me.

My room looked out on a distant shrubbery.

The hour was late; the whole household in bed.

The thief outside was evidently making way with the rusty hinges, and I was preparing, at the risk of any consequences, the moment he entered the room, to leap from the window, when I heard a dog barking.

I redoubled my cries.

The bark of the dog was followed by footsteps.

They came nearer, treading down fallen branches, which cracked under the welcome steps.

The next instant a man came up, and stood under the window, looking up at me.

I perceived by his dress that he was a villager, probably taking a short cut to his house.

He stood under the window; he seemed terrified.

Perhaps he took me for a ghost.

He was not, however, all a coward, for he spoke.

"What is wrong?" he said.

"This is wrong," I answered; "I am in extreme danger—extreme danger. There is not a moment to lose. Go instantly—instantly, and wake up the house, and say that I, Mrs. Crawford, am in extreme danger in the Tapestry wing. Go at once—at once."

I spoke distinctly, and the man seemed to understand. He flew away, the dog following him.

I instantly threw myself on my knees, and, in the terrible moments that followed, I prayed.

Would the man be in time—must my young life be sacrificed?

Ah! no.

God was good.

I heard joyful sounds; the thief's attack on the door suddenly ceased, and the next instant the Squire's hearty voice was heard calling:

"Let me in, Honor. What is wrong, child?"

I did let him in, and his wife, and several alarmed-looking servants who followed after.

We instantly began to look for the thief, but—mystery of mysteries—he had disappeared.

That terrible man with the black hair and white lock over his forehead, had vanished as completely as though he had never existed.

Except for the marks he had made with his feet on the old oak door, there was not a trace of him.

I believe the servants doubted that he had ever been, and only thought that the young lady who was foolish enough to sleep in the Tapestry chamber had been visited by a new form of the ghost.

Be that as it may, we never got a clue to where or how the man had vanished.

* * * * * *

Ten year's later I was again on a visit to Aspen's Vale.

This time I did not sleep in the Tapestry room.

I now occupied a most cheerful, modern, and un-ghost-like room, and but for one circumstance my visit would have been unremarkable.

This was the circumstance which seems in a wonderful way to point a moral to my curious tale.

I paid my visit to the Cliffords during court session.

Squire Clifford, as one of the most influential county magistrates, was necessarily much occupied with his magisterial duties during this time.

Every morning he went early into Lewis, the town where the court was being held.

One morning he told us of a case which interested him.

"He is a hardened villain," he said; "he has again and again been brought before me, but has never yet been convicted. He is unquestionably a thief; indeed, one of the most notorious characters in the place; but he is such a slippery dog, no jury having yet found him guilty. Well, he is to be tried again to-day, and I do hope we shall have a little better luck with him this time."

The Squire went away, and it came into his wife's head and mine to pay a visit to the court, and see for ourselves this prisoner.

No sooner said than done.

We drove into Lewis, and presently found ourselves in the large and crowded building.

When we entered, the case under discussion had not commenced, but a moment after another prisoner was ushered into the dock.

What ailed me?

I found my sight growing dim; I found myself bending forward and peering hard at the prisoner.

The memory of an old terror came back, the sensation of a couple of hours of mortal agony returned to me again.

Who was that man in the prisoner's dock?

I knew him.

He was my guest of the Tapestry chamber of ten years ago.

There he stood—surly, indifferent, with his vast breadth and height, his raven-black hair, and that peculiar white lock flung back from his brow.

He did not look at any one, but kept his eyes on the ground.

I could not contain myself.

I forget everything else but my sense of discovery.

I got up and said:

"Mr. Clifford, I know that man; he was in my room ten years ago. Do you remember the night when I got the terrible fright in the Tapestry chamber in your house? There is the man who frightened me. I could never forget his face. There he stands."

Whatever effects my words had on Mr. Clifford and the judge, there was no doubt at all of their remarkable significance to the prisoner.

His indifference left him.

He stared with wide-open and terrified eyes at me.

It was plain that if I recognized him, he also recognized me.

All his bravado left him.

He muttered something, his face was

blushed; then he fell on his knees and bowed his head.

My evidence was remarkable and conclusive.

That day, for the first time, Hercules Armstrong was committed to prison.

He had long been the terror of the neighborhood, and no one regretted the just punishment which had fallen on him.

What his subsequent career may be, I know not.

This is the present end of a strange and perfectly true story.

A Country Cousin.

BY M. W. PAXTON.

I.

AMONG the many grand Glasgow people to be found at that fashionable Clyde watering-place which I shall call Dunraploch, none were quite so grand as the Finnlestons.

Having amassed over a million of money in what is known as the iron trade, Mr. Finnleston had retired into elegant leisure, and built himself a house as big as a hydropathic establishment.

But though one may acquit himself so gloriously in the iron trade, that he can erect a mansion for himself before which the mansions of all other city magnates round-dwindle down to puny insignificance, it is a totally different affair to assume the manners and habits of a county gentleman.

And Mrs. Finnleston had often bitterly to lament, in the privacy of her gilded boudoir, that her husband could not soar.

He would chat with the servants about the estate, joke with the pier-master, and give coppers to the odious little dirty things in the village, bidding them "be good weans, and mind their mothers and their primers."

Mrs. Finnleston herself had no such grovelling tastes, but well understood what was due to her position.

Her two daughters, Antoinette (christened Ann) and Juanita (christened Jane,) followed dutifully in her leading.

No son had been bestowed upon her, but she reconciled herself to that arrangement of Providence by reflecting that a son would probably have walked in the vulgar ways of his father and put his high-toned mother and sisters daily to the blush.

Not the least of Mr. Finnleston's offences against good taste was the fact of his having a troop of relatives, of various degrees of ineligibility, whom he year by year, with the most religious precision, visited in their obscure dwelling-place.

On this particular subject it was useless to argue with him; for while he was an easy-going man, who would let his wife have it all her own way in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, in the hundredth, especially if any principle or duty were involved, no would assert his headship of the family with a firmness and vigor proving beyond a doubt that it was good nature, not moral weakness, that kept him passive on ordinary occasions.

First on the dingy list of ineligibles, whom Mr. Finnleston delighted to honor, was a poor country minister, name Oliver, who had married the ironmaster's only sister.

That sister, who had been as unfit to soar as even Mr. Finnleston himself, was dead and out of the way long ago.

But she had left a daughter to represent her, and at the close of the Finnleston family's first season at The Arsenal (a neighboring proprietor had a place called The Fort, so the ladies, seeing the masculine mind in the household was not competent to deal with so nice a question as nomenclature, had given to the new and desirable residential estate the name of The Arsenal.)

Envious and spiteful people said it should have been The Foundry.

Mr. Finnleston wound up that annual visitation by taking Elsie Oliver home with him and presenting her to his domestic circle.

"It's high time," said he, in the tone which meant having his own way, "that the lassie should be acquainted."

Mrs. Finnleston and her daughters were filled with dismay.

What were they to do with the dowdy village girl?

Was it not humbling enough to have to bear about the consciousness that such ignoble connections existed, without being forced to flaunt them in very person before the public eye?

Oh for a husband, a father, who could soar!—who would be content to let country cousins alone in their natural place, the far background!

The Finnleston sisters were handsome brunettes of an everyday type.

Their cousin, with shining hair, hauntingly-beautiful dark eyes, and features all the more charming for their piquant irregularity, was an out-of-the-ordinary little creature altogether.

But to Antoinette and Juanita, monuments of a Parisian dressmaker's talent, Elsie was an unmitigated fright.

They were so entirely satisfied with their own endowments and merits, withal, that the most distant idea of any comparison being possible between their cousin and themselves never dawned upon them.

And if Mrs. Finnleston did have a secret fancy that some of the admiration which from right belonged to her daughters might rightfully belonged to her daughters might rightfully belonged to her daughters might glance aside if Elsie Oliver were by, it only made her the more firmly resolved to get rid of the unwelcome guest on the first opportunity.

The girls having been charged by their father to "see and be extra good to cousin Elsie, poor thing," dared not openly disobey.

They happened to be somewhat at a loss for a sensation, at any rate, now that their new fangledness about The Arsenal was beginning to wear off; so they might just as well entertain their visitor by displaying all their glories before her unastonished eyes, and gratify themselves at the same time by observing how such magnificence would strike a stranger.

Provoking to say, poor little churchmouse though she was, Elsie did not show herself a tithe so much impressed as Antoinette and Juanita expected; nor yet did she appear in the very least to realize the vastness of the social gulf that gaped between her and them.

Indeed, as they talked grandly down to her, just when she ought to have been looking most overawed, an expression strangely like amusement would steal into her eyes; though what there was to be merry about they could not imagine, so set it down to country manners.

Country manners may be bad enough, but what are they to country toilets?

And such was the trial that these unfortunate young ladies had next to face.

Their father had strictly enjoined them to show all the beauties of Dunraploch to their cousin.

But how—how could they appear in the same carriage with such a hat and costume?

Happily, an expedient occurred to Juanita just in time to save them from being put to open shame.

She and Elsie were of similar height and figure.

Out of the fulness of her own wardrobe, therefore, she would make the country girl fit for inspection.

When this was proposed to Elsie, under the pretext that one must be dressed according to the prevailing style, if one wanted to feel at home at Dunraploch, she colored, and replied—

"I shall feel less at home in anybody else's clothes than in my own.

"If I am poor, I'm proud, cousin Juanita."

"Proud of what?" inquired Mrs. Finnleston, in the quenching manner which she adopted with such success towards her inferiors.

Elsie not being able or willing to say of what, her aunt went on—

"In your clothes you can appear in anything, I suppose, but it is a vastly different story here.

"Just be good enough to wear those things that Juanita offers you, if you please."

The "if you please" was so distinctly a command, that Elsie had no spirit in her to offer an objection.

If she had guessed they were going to be ashamed of her, she would never, never have come.

Only it could not be helped now, so she put on what things were set before her, which, having done, she looked so exasperatingly charming in them that her aunt was immediately sorry that she had not allowed her to remain in her original dowdiness.

However, being now outwardly worthy to sit with her back to the horses in Mrs. Finnleston's open carriage, Elsie drove with her cousins through a maze of characteristic Clyde watering-place villas, which "it may be interesting not to describe."

Antoinette, whose aim it was to be lofty and statuesque, merely lowered her lashes to the occupants of other carriages.

Juanita, who cultivated a dashing and vivacious style, bowed archly and looked witty things to all her passing acquaintances.

About a mile along the shore from Dunraploch, they sighted a stately, many-winged mansion-house, with an air about it that accorded much better with the surrounding woods and hills than anything else did that Elsie had yet seen, and she said—

"That is where I should choose to stay, if I had a choice.'

"Indeed!" rejoined Antoinette, in a tone calculated to bring Miss Oliver to her senses.

"I greatly prefer The Arsenal."

"I wasn't thinking of The Arsenal, cousin Antoinette.

"But, you know, old places like that have a poetry about them that nothing newly-built can pretend to."

Poetry was an unknown tongue to the Finnleston family; nor had it ever presented itself to them to wish that the gods had made them poetical.

"New houses are immensely superior to old ones in every way," said Antoinette, once and for ever settling that question.

"Young houses and young husbands," cried Juanita, in her witty way.

"And you would choose to live there, Elsie?

"That is rich!

"That is The Fort, let me tell you; and Maxwell Ochiltree, of The Fort, owns nearly all the country.

"I wish I could have shown Max to you, but I think he must be off somewhere with 'the Stork' just now.

"'The Stork' is a cousin of his, and I call him that because he has such a ridiculous neck.

"I have nick-names for everybody—that's my fun.

"Have you?"

Elsie had to confess that her fun did not take that form of nick-naming her neighbors:

"I call Max Ochiltree 'Quiz,'" proceeded Juanita, airily, "because he is such a horrid quiz of a character.

"He would laugh himself to death at you, I know."

"That would be unkind," said Elsie, "for he has been my fairy-prince ever since I can remember.

"And Mrs. Ochiltree has been my——but I'm talking nonsense. What is Mrs. Ochiltree like, Juanita?"

"She's just the same as ever," replied Juanita, on chance.

She had never seen Mrs. Ochiltree.

"Mrs. Ochiltree never stays at The Fort," said Antoinette; "we are always telling Max that it would be so much nicer for us if his mother lived here.

"We have so few people to associate with."

"Not in all your villas?" said Elsie, in her simplicity.

"The villas!" said Antoinette, superbly disdainful.

"You don't really think that we could take any notice of retail people! But how could Max Ochiltree be your fairy-prince—whatever you may mean by that?"

"My father used often to tell me stories about him, and he got to be my fairy-prince in that way.

"Papa sometimes amuses me with the adventures of the Ochiltree boys still; you know, he was a good while tutor in the family."

"I never heard of that," said Antoinette, implying that therefore it could never have been.

"Horror!" ejaculated Juanita; "I wonder you would brag of such a thing."

"Brag of it—how am I bragging of it? I am not ashamed of it, though; why should I be?"

"Because you should," replied Juanita, energetically.

And thereupon the sisters by tacit agreement shut Elsie out of the conversation, and kept it all to themselves.

After such an unseemly revelation she deserved to be treated so; besides, it would do her good to listen; it would be a lesson to her in the tone and manners of high life.

On the return way, they discharged the carriage, and struck homeward on foot, through the grounds, for they might as well make Elsie aware of the full extent of their domain.

The road they took had formerly been a convenient short-cut inland for the neighborhood.

Since The Arsenal took shape, the public had been taught that they must keep to the highway.

Yet it seemed there were people impervious to instructions, for the girls presently came upon an old woman sitting upon a stump of a tree, "looking as pleased with herself," Juanita said, "as if she were King Solomon in all his glory."

She was a curious old woman, with a long black cloak and an ancient poke bonnet; and Juanita recognized her as a person whom she had seen teaching needlework at the village school.

Antoinette declared that she would put an end to trespassing, so, stopping short, she said, with an air of extreme hauteur—the air of all her stock upon which she most plumed herself—

"You have no business here. This is a private path.

"You will have to turn back and go by the high road."

"And who are you that say so?" inquired the wayfarer, coolly, as she raised a pair of acute black eyes, that looked bright and young though the face they illuminated was worn and lined, and ran them over the triad.

"I am Miss Finnleston," replied Antoinette, as though she had said "I am Queen Victoria."

"Well, Miss Finnleston, with your gracious permission, I will keep to the private path to-day.

"I understood it to be free to the community."

"Not since we came.

"You must have seen the ticket warning off trespassers; and what is the use of papa putting up notices if people are to make a thoroughfare of our estate, all the same? You must go back instantly."

"Must I go? It will lengthen my walk more than I care for—but no matter. Only, I had better sit till my companion comes back; I expect her at any moment; she has gone down to the glen for ferns."

"Stealing our very ferns!" ejaculated Juanita, as if ordinary theft was nothing to mention in comparison.

"What audacity!" added Antoinette, also struck with abhorrence at the heinousness of such a proceeding.

"No indeed, you bold, bad person, you shall not stay here one minute longer."

Instead of going, the trespasser looked at the younger sister, saying—

"If one may inquire, are you also a Miss Finnleston?"

"No, you may not inquire; it is none of your business," retorted Juanita, with the happy smartness at repartee peculiar to her.

"For the last time," said Antoinette, "get up and begone. And if you should ever venture into our grounds again, you shall be prosecuted."

It did not appear what was to follow if the intruder still kept her seat, but Antoinette's way of saying "For the last time," was fraught with awful suggestiveness.

It had its effect. The woman slowly rose.

"I may or may not be a bold and bad woman," she said, with composure; "but I certainly am a very frail one. I don't see how I am to get along at all without the help of my companion's arm."

"Let me turn back with you," said Elsie, for whom, in the circumstances, there was but one course possible; "you shall take my arm till your friend comes."

"You offer to help me," looking at her keenly. "Then you are not a Miss Finnleston?"

"No, but that doesn't matter."

"Do you know what you are doing?" she asked.

"Yes, and I am quite able to do it; I am very strong."

"As you please, then; but don't blame me for the consequences."

And the old woman took possession of the young girl's arm.

"Don't wait for me," said Elsie to her cousins (as if they were likely to wait for her!)

"I can see the tower of The Arsenal; that will guide me back."

"Elsie Oliver; I disown you for ever!" said Antoinette, in high tragedy vein.

"And I deny your relationship," declaimed Juanita, imitating as much as might be her sister's mien.

With that they went on their way, and left her cousin to her own devices.

The old woman now told Elsie that she was a fern fancier, and that to-day her quest was after a species only to be found, so far as she knew, in Dunraploch glen.

After that, she proceeded to talk of things in general—not a word, however, about the Finnlestons—and her remarks proved so entertaining and to the point, that when the young person who had been stealing ferns (presumably a junior teacher in the village school) before long overtook them, Elsie was more sorry than glad to be let go.

"You are a nice girl," said the curious old woman, as she dismissed her; "and I like you; but for all that, I am not going to spoil you with praise. Many thanks, and good-bye."

Elsie did not give much weight to the dramatic sentences with which her cousins had parted from her; indeed they troubled her so little, that instead of going back to The Arsenal at once, to do penance, she thought she would take a ramble through the glen first, so turned aside and made her way down thither.

It was a glen very like a score of other glens.

Deep in the heart of it a stream flung itself from one great rock basin to another, and the steep walls of it were tapestried over with every shade of green.

Here it was twilight even under a refulgent sun; but on a dull day, as this chanced to be, it was a kind of imitation night.

Elsie went on and on through the cool, dim, green arcade, till, all of a sudden, besides the sound of gushing, trickling, dropping water, she heard a sound of rustling among the shadowy branches overhead.

Hereupon, raising her eyes, she saw a man waist deep in brambles and bracken descending the declivity.

Another trespasser, then! What would her cousins say?

"How do you do, Miss Finnleston?" cried the stranger, a minute later, coming toward her with extended hand.

Juanita's hat and costume had deceived him.

"We have been walking with the whole height of the bank between us till——Oh, I beg your pardon, I have been mistaken."

He was a very good-looking young fellow, and his voice was all in his favor, and a humorous expression lurked in his eyes.

"But I believe I do know you, after all," he said, having quite reached her.

"My name is Maxwell Ochiltree, so if I am still mistaken, you can set me right."

How did Elsie feel at this unthought-of encounter with her fairy-prince?

I really cannot undertake to say.

I only know she looked as charming, standing there overshadowered with trailing greenery, as any fairy princess ever need have done.

She told him who she was, of course; and equally of course they were on a friendly footing immediately.

"It must have been something of your father in your face that made me fancy I recognized you," said the young man, walking on by her side, "for you were little more than an infant when we last met.

"That has been no fault of mine, though, Miss Oliver."

"I know how kind Mrs. Ochiltree has been in asking my father to visit her; but papa is a good deal of a recluse, he almost never leaves home," she said.

"Can I get hold of him now?—Is he with you here?"

"No; I am alone."

"And where may you be found?—for I know my mother will want to see you," he said.

"Mr. Finnleston is my uncle: I am staying at The Arsenal."

"Oh, at The Arsenal!

"Well, I believe I owe a call there, and if you will allow me to walk on with you I shall make it now."

So they went on together, talking all the way.

And Max Ochiltree proved so pleasant a companion that when Elsie had reached The Arsenal she had forgotten how angry her cousins were with her, and was pro-

pared to meet them exactly as if nothing had been said.

II.

MRS. FINNIESTON and her daughters could hardly credit their senses when Elsie and Max Ochiltree together appeared before them.

Still, a call from the proprietor of The Fort was a blessing to be grateful for under any circumstances, so they received the man with a sort of chastened gladness, notwithstanding the company in which he came.

As for Elsie, she really seemed to have no idea how she had outraged the proprieties.

Nor did she exhibit the least surprise that she should have been mistaken for her cousin.

"If you make me wear your things," she said, "how can you wonder if your friends should fancy, from the distance, that I am you?"

This was a low aside to Juanita, but as it chanced to fall into a pause between Mrs. Finnieston's description of the infamously impertinent woman whom her daughters had encountered in the glen, and Mr. Ochiltree's reply to the same, it was audible to every ear.

Mrs. Finnieston's feeling were none of the mildest, but she had to keep them in hand for the present.

"I too have been trespassing," said Max Ochiltree, "but it was inadvertently. I am behind the times, and hadn't heard of the glen being shut up."

"The glen is never shut up from you, Mr. Ochiltree," responded Mrs. Finnieston, benignly, "but we had to set up a barrier against the public.

"As my husband said to me—I am so sorry he is not at home to-day; he has gone up the Loch to look at Lord Kilrabbit's yacht, that he thinks of purchasing—but as I was remarking, he said to me, 'We cannot and will not have our girls coming into daily contact with the crowd of nobodies that frequent this place. Within our own grounds, at least, Eleanora, we must manage to be select.'

"I am sure you will agree with me," proceeded the lady, "that there ought to be a firm and distinct line drawn between the classes. We of the upper stratum have our rights, our rights, Mr. Ochiltree."

"Some of us have a trick of making might our right," replied Max Ochiltree, with a twinkle in his eyes, though his tone was grave.

"One has only to look back a few generations to see how my own ancestors, for example, were a lot of Border reivers, not so many centuries ago."

A pedigree was in process of being invented for the house of Finnieston; but still news arrived from the College of Heralds the subject of ancestry had better be avoided.

Accordingly, Antoinette and Juanita now came into play, while their mother merely superintended and threw in an occasional fancy touch.

In leaving, Max Ochiltree lingered beside Elsie's chair to have a little more talk.

Luckless Elsie!

Every step she took, she got the deeper in disgrace with her relations.

She had said to Max Ochiltree that she intended to return home by way of Glasgow, and he now asked her if she had many friends there.

"Only one," she told him, "and she lives in a part of the city called Gorbals. It does not sound pretty, does it?"

Mrs. Finnieston looked at her daughters, who looked back at her, all equally aghast.

Mr. Ochiltree only looked diverted; but oh! what must he be thinking?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DURING the past year crime has been on the increase. On an average there has been four murders and two suicides each day. On the other hand, executions have averged only two in a week, and lynchings about the same number. Last year there were on an average two murders and one suicide a day, and two murders and one lynching a week. Since January 1 last 105 persons have expiated their crimes by death at the hands of the law. Judge Lynch has been very busy during the past year in the South and West. Through the instrumentality of vigilance committees and mobs, summary justice was meted out to ninety-two culprits, against fifty-seven in 1882. Eleven of them were shot, eighty were hanged, and one, a negro, was burned at the stake at Edgerly, La. In various parts of the Union 910 persons put an end to their earthly existence by drowning, fire, gas, the pistol, razor, rope, etc. In 1882 there were 888 cases of suicide. This year New York leads with 204 cases, against 184 in 1882.

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A STRANGE PEOPLE.

IN Sumatra, in a full assembly of the court on a high occasion, the foremost places in front of an open dancing space would be occupied by the Penyimbangs of various orders, with those or less rank to right and left; facing them sat the women of higher rank, and behind stood the general public.

Lining the open space in front of the Penyimbangs squatted the boedjangs, or unmarried youths, facing the young maidens in like position in front of the peeresses. The sight is a gay one. All are in their best attire, the general crowd in whatever garments please their fancy best, but generally of the gayest colors of coats and headclothes, and sarongs suspended by large silver and gold buckled belts, with ivory and gold-handled krisses stuck in the waist; the women—for those that stand round have all been married—more sombrely, wearing the matrimonial symbol, the seeloeng, a necklet of massive silver or gold rings strung, except for a little piece in front, immovably on a cylinder of the same metal, and the thick stud-like earrings, the only ornaments that their severe laws permit to those who have known the bonds of wedlock.

Here and there among the crowd a crownless, boot-shaped hat, made of cardboard and bound round with a gold plate, indicates that the wearer is a childless wife. The young unmarried men are simply attired in a sarong of bright color, supported by a belt fastened by a buckle of greater or less value, suitable to his rank, with the corresponding number of krisses stuck in it, and with a headcloth tied about his temples in the fashion of his district, but from the waist upward naked—a custom which one sees also at the ceremonious court of the Sultan of Djokokerta in Java. The centre of attraction is the long line of maidenhood, glittering in silver and glad of native workmanship.

The hair of each girl, neatly arranged and odoriferous from abundance of cocoanut and cajeput oil, tied in a knot behind, and transfixed by a high backed comb overlaid with gold plates; her head is crowned with a coronet of gold, of form and magnificence according to her pangkat; a shawl, worn sashwise, hangs from the shoulder to the ground, while from above the middle hangs a rich sarong, or petticoat, of home-grown and spun silk, interwoven with gold thread and decorated with hundreds of small coins of the Dutch mint which jingle pleasingly as she dances.

Above this the body is girt with a silk slendang, half concealing the breasts. The arms, shoulders, and chest are bare, except for the numerous gold or silver collars and necklets and bracelets of patterns peculiar to her margi, with which she is loaded. Often these collars are entirely composed of the large dollar pieces of Spain, Holland, and America, and not rarely English half-crowns. Of the highest born maidens, the arms from the wrist to the elbow are almost concealed by the display of pure "barbaric gold," for they may wear as many bracelets as they choose, while their sisters, less fortunate in the matter of blood and rank, must conform to the regulation number corresponding to their degree. The breast is overlaid with crescent-shaped gold plates suspended in tiers; the waist is girded by a belt of one of the precious metals secured by an elaborately carved buckle of the same material. The rather bony fingers are encircled with many rings, and even the nails are lengthened by additions of silver into talon-like claws, so that altogether the Lampong maiden presents a dazzling appearance in the dim uncertain light—especially when it is behind her—of a lamplit Balai. The cost of such a costume represents no mean sum; it is no rare thing for a girl to have as much as $500 worth of ornaments about her person at a festival.

A WORD OF DEFENCE.—"I don't like all this talk about the extravagance of women," said a kind husband and father. "Doubtless there are many wives who ruin their husbands by extravagance in dress—too many of them—but for all that, the mass of women are not inclined to dress as many of us think they do."

It is only the foolish votaries of fashion, who have been educated by foolish fathers and mothers to believe that the chief end of women is to dress better than other women, who run to extremes in that direction. I think, for my part, that women are more than men in everything. Give your wife the household purse, and ten chances to one you won't regret it. This general and outspoken condemnation of woman's extravagance is absolutely injurious to society, and impresses young men with false notions of the sex.

Let men look about them carefully, and bear witness to our assertion that their wives and daughters do not, as a rule, yield to extravagant dispositions without urging by their husbands. Nearly all the jewelery and costly dresses displayed by them are purchased by admiring husbands, fathers, lovers, or brothers. Husbands who love their wives esteem it an indescribable luxury to surprise their wives or daughters with a rich gift, and there is certainly nothing more beautiful or delightful than the grateful expression of surprise with which the unanticipated favor is received.

M. S.

Useless Fright.

To worry about any Liver, Kidney or Urinary Trouble, especially Bright's Disease or Diabetes, as Hop Bitters never fails of a cure where a cure is possible. We know this.

New Publications.

Those who believe in laughing for the benefit of its consequence, growing fat, and those who like laughing for itself alone, will find plenty of reasons for indulging those audible weaknesses in "The Journal of Solomon Sidesplitter." It is a compilation of the best wit of the present and past days, more particularly in the shape of short pithy paragraphs, etc. There is nothing long and not a line tedious. A good deal is old, but everything is full of snap and point. It will equally serve for a few minutes or an hour's reading. Two hundred pages elegantly printed and bound. Price 75 cents. Pickwick & Co., Publishers, Phila.

"One Thousand and One Riddles." We have just received a handsome little book with the above title, which contains the material for much fun and home amusement in the way of Riddles, Conundrums, Enigmas, and Hints for Acting Charades. It contains 128 pages. Price 15 cents. J. S. Ogilvie & Co., Publishers, 31 Rose St., New York.

"Of a Thursday," is a little book which is evidently a transcript from life with some romantic variations, of the doing of a Tennis Club in this city. It is evidently intended for private circulation only, and while specially interesting to those in possession of the key to its story, is sufficiently so to amuse the general reader.

"Ishmael, or, In the Depths, is the name of Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth's best work, just published in new form by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Mrs. Southworth says it is the best work ever written by her. It will have an immense sale, for it is one of the most fascinating stories ever published, the interest being kept up from the beginning of the volume to the end. We can endorse every word that has been spoken and published in praise of this celebrated work. A copy of it will be sent to any one, to any place, on their remitting the price of it in a letter, to the Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa. Price 75 cents.

Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, have just published "Suggestions to China Painters." The book has been prepared with the greatest care, and there is no statement made in its pages that is not based upon the actual experience and experiment of the author in ceramic art. It is illustrated with designs for plaques, vases, etc., drawn by the author, and reproduced by the photo-engraving process, accompanied by full instructions as to color to be used, method of treatment, etc., for each design. Price $1.00

"Only a Leaf of a Shamrock," is a song and chorus, passable in sentiment and melody, composed by George Arrington, 595 Washington St., Boston. Price 40 cents.

"Rosehurst" is the name of a story which tells of the tribulations of a little girl who loses her mother and is tyrannized by her father's new wife. It is by Annie Somers Gilchrist. The matrimonial experiences of the heroine when she has grown up are the matter of the latter half of the book. It is pleasantly written. The scenes are mainly laid in the Southwest. J. B. Lippincott & Co. Price $1.25.

MAGAZINES.

The January number of *Macmillan's Illustrated Magazine*, is the best yet. It has for its frontispiece a portrait of Mr. Matthew Arnold, which is a pendant to an article by Henry James, Jr. F. Pollock writes an appreciative article on Dartmoor and the Walkham, which are illustrated with eight wood cuts. A. J. Hipkins gives a short history of the pianoforte and its precursors. There are fourteen pictures of ancient and modern instruments. Archibald Forbes tells the story of the Emperor Napoleon III. and his Marshal. Some of the information was told the author by the unfortunate Prince Imperial as they sat in his tent in Zululand. It has seven illustrations. Professor Archibald Geikie compares the rivers and river gorges of the new world with those of the old. Miss Yonge contributes three new chapters in her story, "The Armourer's Prentices. The letter-press is interesting and the engravings are excellent.

The January *Wide Awake* opens crisply with a winter morning. Frontispiece, by F. H. Lungren, to accompany Margaret Sidney's naive poem, A Burst of Confidence. Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood follows with a piquant bicycling story for the season, entitled The Whimper." Then comes a pictorial article about The Troubadours. Susan Coolidge has a delightful long holiday story, Who Ate the Pink Sweetmeat? and Nora Perry another, Jim, which all young girls should read. There are some entertaining poems, too. The Serial Stories are four: A Drake Girl, the South Chicago story, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, A Double Mask ended, the Revolutionary romance by Rev. Charles R. Talbot, and In No Man's Land, the Western Story for Little Folks, by E. S. Brooks. The music is by the German composer, Jungmann, a setting of a song by George MacDonald. The C. Y. F. R. U. Readings are specially fine this month, especially The Next Neighbor's article upon Entertaining Company. Only $2.50 a year to those who send in their subscriptions before Dec. 1 1883. After that date the price of *Wide Awake* will be $3.00 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass.

The history of our own land is always an interesting subject, but becomes more so, when going out of the beaten track followed by so many, we are told of much that has had great influence upon its destiny, although little known. To present this information is the chosen mission of the *Magazine of American History*. Every number contains various portraits of Colonial, Revolutionary, and other characters of our early days, with pictures of places, events, relics, etc., all accompanied with carefully written and edited matter concerning them. The January number is particularly rich in these respects, containing as it does matter of exceptional interest to the historical as well as general reader. Published 30 Lafayette Place, New York. Price 50 cents a number.

Lippincott's Magazine for January contains an amount of varied and entertaining reading, which gives the best assurance of the good things to be expected during the coming year. It opens with a description of the new Public Buildings of Philadelphia, written with marked ability, and copiously illustrated. Notes of Conversations with Emerson, by Pendleton King. Matthew Arnold in America, by L. J. Saurborne, is an appreciative criticism. Hawaii Ponoi, by Belle Osbourne, is an amusing account of the recent coronation of King Kalakaua, with many capital illustrations from sketches by the writer. Undergraduate Life at Oxford, by Norman Pearson, an account of the great flour mills of Minneapolis, by E. G. Curtis, and the first of a series of papers on Healthy Homes, by Felix L. Oswald, are all interesting and instructive articles. The opening chapters of Satan's Tangled Web, a short serial story, by Lizzie W. Champney; Christmas Eve at Tuckeyhoe, by Sherwood Bonner, and Whither Curiosity Led, by Charles Dunning, constitute the fiction in this number. There is the usual variety of short papers in the Gossip. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia. $4.00 per annum.

Messrs. Ogilvie & Co., 31 Rose St., New York, have begun publishing *Popular Reading*. Each number contains several complete stories by well known authors such as Mrs. Henry Wood, Burton M. Gray, Mrs. Braddon, etc., ninety-nine octavo selections for declamation, and a fun department comprising selections from the best laughing matter of the day. Three numbers have thus far been issued, and each is well worth the price, thirty cents.

Vicks' Illustrated Monthly for January, begins the new year with a lot of hints and information most useful to all interested in flowers. It is the cheapest and best magazine of the kind in the English language. Price $1.25 per year. James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

Arthur's Magazine for January is out with a splendid table of contents. Those who want a good household monthly, where the useful is equally well represented with the sweet, will find it in this publication. Its home departments in particular, are worthy of the highest commendation. Terms $2.00 per year. Office 920 Walnut St., Phila.

NEW MUSIC.

From Russell & Co., 123 Tremont St., Boston, who keep in stock all the latest and best music, at cheapest rates, we have received the following excellent works: Instrumental: Chanson Triste, 40 cents; Dream of the Shepherdess, 50 cents. Vocal: Matinada Up to Snuff, 40, Dancing To-Night of the Loved Ones, 40; Dream of Home, 50; Lonely and Sad, 40; Fiss and Jane, 40 cents. All the above are by leading composers, the vocal selections being sung with great success by Kate Castleton, N. C. Goodwin and others. Among the latest publications in their famous Musical Library, Russell & Co. have introduce the following: Virgin Mary's Carol; Toggenburg; King Winter, and Forsaken. Those who want anything in the way of music would do well by addressing this firm.

The new edition of "Students' Songs," comprising the twenty-first thousand, has just been published by Moses King of Cambridge. This collection comprises over sixty of the jolly songs as now sung at all leading colleges in America. It has the full music for all the songs and airs. Compiled by Wm. H. Hills (Harvard, 1880.) The price is only fifty cents.

"Stray Melodies and Songs of Sentiment," by John B. Ketchum, Secretary U. S. Military Post Library Association, New York, is the title of a new volume of short poems recently issued by the American Literary Agency, P. O. Box 344, New York City, N. Y. The book is very neatly gotten up in cloth, 16mo. square, with special reference to the holidays, has passed to a second edition, and will be an acceptable gift for young or old. The work contains 144 pages. Price, in extra cloth, gilt top, uncut edges, $1 00, post paid.

ALL of the thirteen New Yorkers who sat down to dinner on November 13, 1882, to defy superstition, again dined together on Tuesday evening, November 13 last.

MRS. LULU SCANNELL filed her suit for divorce at 9.45 A. M. on Monday last, in a Chicago court, and at 10.05, twenty minutes later, was a free woman.

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to the depot. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Our Young Folks.

CAPTURED BY GIPSIES.

BY PIPKIN.

NO, no, darling; not alone. It is impossible."

"But I will be back presently, I promise."

The loving mother shook her head firmly, but yet sweetly.

"Wait only half an hour longer. Marie will then take you safely past the Corner of the Black Forest."

"The dear old forest, which I always love so much."

And Gretchen clapped her hands together in happy, childish joy.

"Yes, yes, Gretchen—that's all very well, but——"

"The dear old forest, too, of which I am never one bit afraid—where the squirrels even seem to know me, and the daylight only seems to peep every now and then."

Yes, Gretchen loved the forest dearly. Was it to be wondered at?

She knew well enough that gipsies, and many other such people, roamed in it right and left—or at least this she had often been told so by Marie—but she had not any fear for herself.

Yes: Gretchen felt very brave indeed that sweet summer's afternoon, and also strongly inclined to have her own way.

The half-hour passed quickly away.

Marie had not yet appeared, and Gretchen grew impatient.

The mother had quitted the room a moment.

Gretchen would do so too.

How beautiful the scene all looked around her as she stood watching at the garden-gate.

Never had the trees in the old forest seemed in her eyes to look so grand.

Never had little Gretchen felt so rebellious in her heart.

Amalia was waiting for her.

It was Amalia's birthday, and she had promised to be there as soon as possible to greet her.

Her present, too, for Amalia—also mother's—which both yet lay within the basket which she dangled on her arm—why could not Amalia have them quickly, as it had been impossible to send them the previous night.

Yes—the moment of temptation was very strong; and Gretchen yielded.

Ah, and she only at least said "good-bye" to the dear old walls—or, better still, to those within it!

Only a half hour's pleasant run beneath the rays of a glorious sun, but yet beneath the shadow of the tall dark pines and she was keeping by the cripple's bedside, both children radiant with pleasure—but, ah, how different, each from each!

The one poor, gentle, and yet ever suffering; the other the child of rich and princely parents, and handsomely equipped—with dress of rich and sweetest texture, and everything also to correspond.

The poor was furnished in the most simple manner, it must be, as is always the case in every German household, whether belonging to rich or poor, with the greatest attention to cleanliness and order.

Not a particle of dust was to be seen anywhere, and the uncarpeted, but brightly polished, floor almost served to reflect the sun's rays.

"My candles burned so brightly this morning, Gretchen dear—seven of them. How I wish you could have seen them."

"Ah, yes, of course. You're a year older than I am. Next year I shall have the same."

"But not next birthday, Gretchen."

"No, no, that will be in three months' time, the dear mother says. But they won't tell me anything about my beautiful presents—for of course they will be lovely—they always are."

"Ah, that's because you're rich—the only daughter of a grand German noble. That makes all the difference."

"I wonder? I don't know. But there is my present to you, at any rate, dear Amalia—and there is mother's with her best greeting; and mine, remember; the locket, you know, is to hang around your neck always."

"Thank you, Gretchen; I will not forget."

"And now, Amalia, tell me quickly about your presents, for of course you had a lot. I'm glad, though, that the candles burned so brightly."

"Yes, that was nice. We blew them all out, too, just before they were going to die out themselves.

"The rose-colored candle lived the longest."

"And which died out first?"

"The light blue."

"Oh!"

"And the table looked lovely," went on Amalia.

"Mother had knitted me warm things—see, are they not beautiful? And father had bought me a new dress; and some of the village children had laid flowers beneath the candles."

And then little Amalia became quite excited at the recollection of all the pleasures.

Being only a weakly child, she could endure but little.

"I have never had such splendid presents," she whispered faintly.

Then raising herself a little, she said—

"There—help me into the next room, dear Gretchen—mother is out—and you shall see for yourself."

And Gretchen did so.

Then as she stood beside the prettily but simply covered birthday table, the white cloth of which reached the floor, and upon which the simple cake yet stood, surrounded by the remains of the pretty colored candles, she thought

"How would Amalia possibly admire it all so much?

Compared with her own birthday table also—why, it was nothing.

Only, of course, she did not say so.

Gretchen was in reality a very proud little German girl, though her heart was kind and loving even to the poor Amalia.

The cripple stood leaning upon the other's arm awhile, admiring the scene before her.

"But I am staying too long, Amalia," came after a long pause—"for no one at home knows I am here, and mother may be frightened."

"Another few minutes!" pleaded Amalia, softly. "Don't leave me here all alone."

"Mother told me not to come alone, but wait for Marie."

"I see."

"And when my birthday comes—oh, how I wish you could see my table then!"

Amalia sighed.

Later on, Gretchen started to return home.

Only that now her little ladyship took her own time in the matter, as it would seem.

So far from running, she even strolled awhile further into the forest, gathering flowers, and forgot for the time being all about home and everything else.

"There are splendid flowers a little farther on," said a handsome, dark-looking girl, suddenly appearing upon the scene.

Gretchen had not dreamed that any one was even near her, and it quite startled her.

She felt for the moment too much frightened to answer.

"Come along!" said the dark-looking girl.

"Don't be frightened: I'm not an old witch, and don't want to eat you—not I.

"Why should I? But you seemed to like flowers."

Gretchen had now risen to her feet and stood quite erect.

"Yes, of course—dearly. But where did you come from?"

At which question the dark-looking girl burst into a merry laugh, and then again became quite grave.

"I come from—well, never mind where. And I am going—well, never mind where, also.

"What a comical sort of girl," thought Gretchen.

"She's big enough at any rate to be decently civil.

"I wonder——" But again the girl interrupted her.

"I advise you to come along with me, little lady—and as quickly as possible too. Such beautiful flowers as those of which I tell you won't fall in your path, the chances are, every day."

The next instant Gretchen started off with her.

"That's right, darling. It isn't far."

A man had just uttered the words in her ear.

A dark nutbrown gipsy, with bushy eyebrows and a long draggling coat, almost down to his heels.

But in a moment—in a moment of agony too—little Gretchen woke up; woke up, however, when it was only too late.

How often had she been warned.

Tears of terror started into her eyes, and she had started also to run away

"None of that, my little lady," and he had already grasped her hand firmly, quite hurting her wrist with his violence. "Not quite so fast. We've long been on the look-out for your ladyship."

A cry burst from the child's lips, but she had now unfortunately advanced into the forest, far away from all human habitations.

* * * * * *

Meanwhile, in Gretchen's home, there were only dismay and consternation.

The stately mother, with princely blood running through her veins, waited distractedly.

Would Heaven but send her help! she whispered many, many times.

* * * * * *

And thus nearly three dreary months had passed away—it would soon be Gretchen's birthday—the long, long looked-for day.

It might have been years that had elapsed, instead of only months, since the "dear mother" had lost her darling.

This, if we may judge by her sad and careworn face.

All her riches, and all the comforts and luxuries by which she was daily surrounded, had only served to make her all the more miserable.

Gretchen—her only child—had been taken from her, and that was all she knew.

But now she was in her arms once more.

God had brought her back again.

The dear old simple village doctor had in a marvellous way recognized Gretchen when called for the first time in his life into a gipsy camp.

She had fallen sick, and being unable to cure her with their simple remedies, had been compelled to resort to greater skill.

He had only seen Gretchen once before in his life, but her childlike beauty had on that occasion served to make a great impression upon his memory, and upon reading the advertisement about her being lost an advertisement which appeared in most of the German papers—he at once recalled her face to his remembrance. And fortunate it was, indeed, that he had done so!

* * * * * * *

And the birthday was indeed to be celebrated, after all!—the long looked-for birthday.

"Dear mother's" heart was almost too full to bear it all, but she would take courage, and be very brave and forgetful of herself on this happy day.

She had never thought to have seen Gretchen again in this life, though a large reward had been offered for her recovery.

The gipsies, however, had been wonderfully on their guard, not intending to yield up the child until the reward offered should be at least doubled, for they knew well enough the riches of the noble house from which the child came.

The doctor had, however, outwitted them all.

He had been handsomely paid by the gipsy messenger before agreeing to visit the camp that evening; but money with the gipsy had seemed to be a matter of no importance whatever—he had "plenty of it."

"Follow me," the doctor had whispered quickly to the child, after nodding a careless good-bye to the gipsies, who, one and all, seemed already disposed to settle themselves comfortably down for the night.

The child had followed him steadily, at a few steps distance, however, not even dreaming of what was to come.

Then, with the speed of lightning, how quickly he was often puzzled afterwards to think, he had lifted her upon the saddle, covered her completely with his large cloak, placed her before him, and set spurs instantly to his horse.

But all trouble is over now, and Gretchen—dear little Gretchen—is as happy as a queen; perhaps, indeed, far happier.

She is standing before her beautiful birthday table—the table which she had once thought she should never, never see again.

Even now she can scarcely believe the truth.

The six tall, variously-colored tapers burn brightly, although it is only the morning hour, this being the usual opening to the child's German birthday.

In the centre of the stately cake, by the side of which flowers rest, stands the crown, denoting the family to be of princely blood.

Presents of costly kind are ranged around.

A pompous elephant stands grimly by—on wheels of course.

But the stateliest sight of all is a life-sized, full-grown, young lady dolly, who sits, bolt upright, with a cushion behind her, upon a crimson velvet easy-chair.

Gretchen herself stands beside her, and her rich dark blue velvet dress contrasts admirably with the snow-white richly-embroidered table-cloth, its delicate lace reaching almost to the floor.

But listen a moment.

Gretchen is giving Miss Dolly a sort of lecture, whether she exactly likes it or not.

At least, Gretchen does not stop to ask her that question.

And mother, with her soft white face, is peeping in sweetly, behind the half-drawn silken curtains.

"And, mind, Dolly," Gretchen's tone is now very earnest—it is very clear that she means every word she utters, "do as you're told always; it may save you from many a scrape.

"I've been in a terrible scrape myself—and only think if I had never seen any of them again!

"Be warned in time, by my example, Dolly dear—that's my advice."

But Dolly seemed disposed to be sulky.

She either could not, or would not, answer; which was, I suppose, after all, much about the same thing.

A SUCCESSFUL strike occurred when the Richmond night express struck a negro walking on the track who got a glimpse of the locomotive's headlight just before being landed in the woods a dozen or two yards from the road line. His first conscious words were, "For de Lord's sake, boss, who frow dat lantern at me?"

"WHAT do you want to set such a tough chicken before me for?" indignantly exclaimed a fair damsel in a restaurant the other day. "'Age before beauty,' always, you know, ma'am," replied the polite table attendant, who well knew how to serve his employer and tough chicken at the same time.

WESTFIELD, MASS., Feb. 18, 1882.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. — Gentlemen: About five years ago I had a very bad cough, and tried several remedies without any relief, until I was advised by Mr. Whitney, druggist of Gouverneur, N. Y., to try your Cherry Pectoral, which I did, and before I had taken half a bottle, I was entirely cured.

Yours, &c.,
CHARLES MEACHAM.

ABOUT MARRIAGE.

AMONG the ancient Assyrians all the marriageable young girls were assembled at one place and the public crier put them up, one after another.

The money which was received for those who were handsome and consequently sold well was bestowed as a wedding portion upon those who were plain.

When the most beautiful had been disposed of the more ordinary looking were offered for a certain sum to those who were willing to take them.

In this way all the women were provided with husbands.

Among the Greeks the marriage ritual is very elaborate and lasts almost an hour.

It consists of prayers chanted by the priests, the signing of bride and bridegroom on the forehead three times with a ring; the blessing of two wreaths, which are afterwards placed on their heads; the drinking of wine three times from the same cup; the kissing of the office-book and the priest's hands; the parade made three times around the centre-table by the entire party.

Throughout the Empire of Morocco there are villages where the eldest members of the adult population follow professionally the pursuit of fattening young girls for the matrimonial market of Barbary.

The Moors, like the Turks, give a decided preference to "moon-faced" wives over lean ones and are more solicitous as to the number of pounds which their brides weigh than about the stock of accomplishments which they possess.

The fattening process begins when the girl is about twelve years old.

Stiff maize porridge, kneaded up with grease, is daily fed to her in the form of boluses.

If she declines to take them they are crammed down her throat.

On the Malabar coast of India the priest sprinkles the bride and bridegroom with rice.

Among the Brahmins the bridegroom throws three handfuls of rice on the bride's head.

Possibly, as in Persia, the rice is regarded as an emblem of fruitfulness.

At a marriage ceremony in Japan neither bride nor bridegroom will wear clothes of a purple color, because they regard it as the color most liable to fade.

The custom of throwing an old shoe after the bride is an ancient one and common to many countries.

In Scotland a perfect volley of old shoes and slippers is thrown after the happy couple.

Superstitious fancies have clung to the marriage ceremony through all ages and in all countries, and even the brides of to-day pretend to be influenced by them.

Certain days were considered lucky and certain other days unlucky.

These days and seasons were designated by rhymes, which went very far to perpetuate the superstitions.

Even at the present day we hear quoted such couplets as the following:

> Wednesday the best day of all,
> Saturday no luck at all.
> Who marries between sickle and scythe
> Will never thrive.
> From the marriages in May
> All the babies die and decay.
> Marry in Lent
> And you'll live to repent.

In the earliest weddings among the Jews the fourth day of the week was considered an unlucky day for virgins to wed, and the fifth for the widows.

The Romans regarded June as the most propitious month of the year for matrimony.

In many countries May marriages were considered unlucky.

In China marriages are positively prohibited at certain times and seasons on account of their being unlucky.

There was at one time a superstition current in England against marrying on Innocent' Day—the 28th of December—a day of ill omen, because it was the one which commemorated Herod's massacre of the children.

It used to be considered lucky if the initials of a wedded couple spelt a word.

It was considered unlucky if the bride's family name began with the same letter as that of her husband's.

> To change the name and not the letter,
> Is a change for the worse and not for the better.

THE SAFEST PLACE.—The French General Cherin was conducting a detachment through a very difficult defile. He exhorted his soldiers to endure patiently the fatigues of the march.

"It is easy for you to talk," said one of the soldiers near him, "You are mounted on a fine horse; but we poor fellows!"

On hearing these mutinous words, instead of ordering the man to be shot, Cherin dismounted, and quickly proposed to the discontented man to take his place. The latter did so; but scarcely had he mounted when a shot from the adjoining heights struck and killed him.

"You see," said Cherin, calling to his troop, while remounting his horse, "that the most elevated place is not the least dangerous."

WOMEN is most perfect when most womanly.

More than one hundred and twenty-five thousand bottles of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup have been sold by a single firm in Baltimore.—Messrs. Wm. H. Brown & Bro.

MINE.

BY. G. M.

No jeweled beauty is my love,
Yet in her earnest face
There's such a world of tenderness,
She needs no other grace.
Her smiles and voice around my life
In light and music twine,
And dear, oh, very dear to me
Is this sweet love of mine!

Oh, joy! to know there's one fond heart
Beats ever true to me:
It sets mine leaping like a lyre,
In sweetest melody:
My soul upsprings, a Deity!
To hear her voice divine,
And dear, oh, very dear to me,
Is this sweet love of mine!

If ever I have sighed for wealth,
'Twas all for her, I trow;
And if I win Fame's victor wreath,
I'll twine it on her brow.
There may be forms more beautiful,
And souls of sunnier shine,
But none, oh, none so dear to me,
As this sweet love of mine!

THE PASSION PLAY.

AN Eastern letter-writer says: It has been my privilege to witness what travelers call the Persian Passion Play. The Persians claim that Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet, was rightfully the immediate successor to the kaliphate.

Upon the death of Hussein (one of the two sons of Ali), the Persians founded their great religious festival, which occurs in, and takes its name from, the month of Mohurem, in the Mohammedan year. Not only in their own country, but even in Constantinople, they celebrate the day with a grief apparently as fresh and poignant as if the tragedy had occurred but yesterday.

We passed the entrance, and found the court packed. In the midst of a throng were two furled banners, behind which stood a horse covered with rich Persian shawls. Two long lines of men were drawn up facing each other at a distance of twelve feet apart in a space which was readily kept clear for them.

There were about 900, all with bare shaven heads, their dress mainly a white garment extending from the neck—before and behind—down to the hips.

The Consul welcomed and gave us chairs, and we sat down until the ceremonies should commence. Ropes were drawn in front of us to define the line of march, and at the same time to keep the mob away from us, a strong guard of soldiers with fixed bayonets standing in the ring.

At intervals of about thirty feet all along the route of the procession standards were fixed in the ground, supporting at a height of five or six feet large receptacles of open iron work filled and heaped with wood to furnish light for the occasion.

Men went around lighting the flambeaux of which I have spoken. They blazed high and brightly, making it very easy to see with a good deal of distinctness what was going on in the court.

Almost immediately after they had been lighted we heard the sound of what we knew to be the procession on its way. At first it was a chant that we heard, with a sound as of bare feet on the pavement, keeping time to the rhythm; then a voice would rise high above the others, yet fine, clear, and pure in tone, and, as it soared up the other voices hushed, as did the music and other sounds around it.

It was the recital in Eastern song of the harrowing story they commemorate, and sung by one whose sole profession is to touch the hearts of the listeners. The voice was beautifully musical, and it thrilled and quavered through the peculiar melody, while the dead silence around testified to its effects on the people.

When it ceased a great shout arose, as of some name or names uttered by all, and then the chanting and marching were resumed.

It seemed a long time for them to come to a point near enough for us to see them. When they did come, we saw first the two banners, then several men, naked to the waist, and each thrashing his own back with a branch of chains, which he wielded with all his might.

After them came a horse richly decked, and bearing a little girl of some three or four years, absolutely swathed from head to foot in black. Black bands partly concealed her fair little face, and with her hands, which were free, she was throwing ashes over her head.

She was followed by a long procession of men beating their bare breasts with their palms, some violently, and all groaning, "Hassan, Hussein," to this accompaniment.

So they moved past us very slowly, only a few inches at a time, and we could see that the regular beat, as of tramping feet, we had heard at a distance, was really alone this body of men pounding their chests.

Three times the procession moved before us in the same order, and with the same characteristics as at first, though more rapidly, and seemingly with increased numbers.

At the fourth circuit of the khan, following the men with chains, whose backs looked black where they had been beaten, but who were working with the same energy as before, were three horses. The white trappings of the first were sprinkled with blood. Upon its saddle stood two white doves, whose plumage was dabbled with blood, and upon the pummel of the saddle were fastened two short, curved, naked swords. The second also had bloody trappings, which was stuck full of long feathers, made to represent arrows. Then came the horse bearing the little girl.

But after the breast-beaters who followed we could at first see a gleam of white, and now and then the glitter of steel; and when they came near 400 men, with swords, and clad as I noted at first, the white almost covered with blood, which flowed freely from their heads, the swords brandished and bloody, the men howling like demons. Each clutched with his left hand the girdle of his companion, while he used the sword in his hand to hack away at his own head.

Then the beings who had so terribly mutilated themselves began to cross the darkened court, their heads bound up in the once-white garments they had worn, and their faces covered with the gore that had dried upon them.

Some of them could not walk alone, and had to be supported on each side; but most of them clung to their swords as if they could not trust them out of their hands for a moment even.

After one of them had left, his weapon in the hands of another friend and had gone away, we approached and asked him if he would sell it.

"No," he said, "I will not sell it. The sword has become sacred with blood of a believer; if you want swords, buy them in the bazars."

Grains of Gold.

The grief of the morrow is not to be eaten to-day.

Persistent industry is the best antidote for temptation.

Never shirk the effort which is required to live correctly.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

He who knows only his own side of the case, knows little of that.

Fear not the threats of the great, but rather the tears of the poor.

It is the great art and philosophy of life to make the best of the present.

If you would not cease to love mankind, you must not cease to do them good.

Take life just as God gives it to you, and make it as beautiful as you can.

The soul is not poisoned by mere errors of the head, but by evils of the heart.

The moment a man is satisfied with himself, everybody else is dissatisfied with him.

A compliment is usually accompanied with a bow, as if to beg pardon for saying it.

That virtue which needs anchoring, makes its possessor like a ship moored among breakers.

Our evil genius, like the junior member of a deliberative body, always gives its views first.

Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, insincerity is by far the most dangerous.

It is a very popular saying that we should put off to-day what we ought to have done yesterday.

When one becomes so conceited that he can't be taught, he and a fool wear the same style of cap.

Childhood views life through the magnifying end of the telescope, while age looks through the other end.

Dare to change your mind, confess your error, and alter your conduct, when convinced that you are wrong.

The road to ambition is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too rugged for honesty, and too dark for science.

As we grow in years and experience, we become more tolerant, for it is rare to see a fault we have not ourselves committed.

Femininities.

It is the engaging girl who becomes soonest engaged.

Widows' weeds are not green—neither are widows, as a general thing.

To iron embroidery nicely press it on the wrong side between two flannels.

A mixture of linseed oil and lime-water is an excellent remedy for a scald or burn.

A woman would be in despair if nature had formed her as fashion makes her appear.

Love without esteem cannot reach far nor rise very high: it is an angel with but one wing.

Woman loses considerable time before the looking-glass, but man loses more before the social glass.

At present the most valuable gift that can be bestowed upon a woman is something for her to do.

To remove stains from table linen, hold up the soiled spot and pour through it boiling hot water.

Queen Victoria is passionately fond of baked apples. The walnut is another great favorite of hers.

Princess Beatrice has agreed to furnish, at a given price, some pencil sketches for an English monthly.

Women are right to crave beauty at any price, since beauty is the only merit that men do not contest with them.

The time of young ladies is divided into two parts—half of the time they wait for the mails, and the other half for the males.

The washerwomen of Berlin have struck for higher wages and more privileges. They want butter or meat with their bread and 30 cents a day.

The permanency of marriage is indispensable to the security of families; and families are the beams and girders which hold together the State.

A deserted damsel rushed into a ballroom at Alvien, Col., the other night, and threw a pan of molasses upon the shirt-front of her faithless lover.

When a child cannot answer a question, he never says, "Oh, don't bother me now; I'm busy." Only children of a larger growth deal in such subterfuges.

"Is that gentleman a friend of yours?" asked a newly-introduced lady of another at a reception. "Oh, no—he's my husband," was the innocent reply.

An old lady down in Maine says her daughter has just bought an elegant "cabin organ," and she thinks the "nux vomica" stop is too lovely for anything.

A Mrs. Ormeston, of Morristown, Ind., has submitted to expulsion from church rather than publicly profess repentance for having horsewhipped a citizen of that place.

History states that ruffs were first introduced into England in the reign of Edward VI., by a Spanish lady who was desirous of concealing a wen which grew upon her neck.

A little girl, whose father was a merchant tailor, said to her mother: "Ma, I can always tell you when pa makes a misfit, because he always gives us fits when he comes home."

In some New York millinery establishments, pretty young girls, of different styles of beauty, are kept on hand to show the effect of various styles of bonnets and hats.

An old woman who was mysteriously murdered recently near Toronto, Canada, was in the habit for many years past of carrying $2,000 in gold, in bags suspended about her neck.

The first annual report of the Ethnological Bureau of the United States Government relates that among the Wyandotte Indians a yearly council of four women is held, with power to add to their number—one man.

A large library could now be gathered of works written by women. It is stated that Count Leopold Ferri, an Italian, who died in Padua, in 1867, left a collection of thirty-two thousand volumes written by women.

Thackeray once said, "Almost all women will give a sympathizing hearing to all men who are in love. Be they ever so old, they grow young again in that conversation, and renew their own early time. Men are not quite so generous."

"No," said Mrs. Shoddy, "I don't care so much because I never had any children; I never liked children, you know. But I should like to have one, so that I could have a nurse in a lace cap to take care of it when I go to the seashore. It's so stylish, you know."

Ada Huxton a young, hard working, good girl, was publicly crowned with the rose wreath, awarded to industry and virtue, at the Crystal Palace, in London. She is only eighteen, but supports her mother and an invalid father. There are many such uncrowned.

"Why are your cheeks like my ponies?" said a country bean to his talkative sweetheart, as soon as he could get a word in edgewise, after they had set out on their ride. "Is it because they are red?" quoth the blushing girl. "No," he replied: "it's because there's one of 'em each side of a waggin' tongue."

To lose temper in public stamps one at once as ill-bred. Women should never quarrel with each other in public. Every one respects a woman who always "keeps her temper," as the saying is (as though it were something to be bottled up.) It is doubtful if fashionable women always love each other, but it is good taste in public to pretend to do so.

A young lady, evidently impressed with the idea that she knows all about it, says: "If a fellow is desperately in love with a girl, and is persistent in his efforts to win her, he is sure to gain his suit. Widowers understand this point, and know exactly how to make love and propose, and you will observe they are pretty nearly always successful in their wooing."

News Notes.

A daily medical journal has been started in Paris.

Camphor trees are being successfully grown in Florida.

Mahogany wood for furniture is again the height of fashion.

The only church at Dublin, Texas, has been sold for debt.

Counterfeit standard silver dollars are troubling tradesmen.

India ink, according to Chinese writers, was invented 2697 B. C.

Colored Mason have six lodges in Connecticut, with 250 members.

A "wish-bone" wedding is now the proper way to tie Hymen's rosy fetters.

Cincinnati has more sausages and fewer cats than any other city in the Union.

Henry Irving's receipts for the first six weeks in this country aggregated $100,000.

Sea captains are proverbially superstitious or sectional. They never set sail on Christmas.

Vanderbilt is said to detest what is called "society." His greatest pleasure is in horses.

In the State of Louisiana colored people pay taxes on more than twenty millions of property.

All but eighty of the 325 members of our present National House of Representatives are lawyers.

There is a single sentence in the English Foreign Enlistment act which contains six hundred words.

A London "saccharine artist" recently made a wedding-cake which weighed nearly 250 pounds.

Cardinal Manning's niece, Miss Vera Manning, an heiress to $10,000 a year, has entered a convent.

Over $5,000,000 was dispensed for charitable purposes last year by the various societies in New York.

When our population is as dense as that of France, we shall number in the neighborhood of 200,000,000.

A St. Louis hackman is in jail for sending false orders to other drivers to get them off on a wild goose chase.

One of the students at Harvard College is said to have expended $1,000 in fitting up his room in the dormitory.

One Uriah Wales, of Coalton, this State, did not speak to his wife for ten years, because she refused to be converted.

The Cleveland Herald is responsible for the statement that "corn-beef hash is a dish fit for the gods when well cooked."

Rev. Mr. Kirkland, of Mendocin, Texas, is paid so poorly by his congregation that he works in a saw-mill during the week.

Mr. Huntington, the railroad millionaire, is put down as worth $60,000,000. He is 65 years old, and has no family of his own blood.

Fifty millions of people in this country use, on an average, five matches a day. This makes $25,000 a day for matches, or $27,375,000 a year.

Crockett county, Tenn., claims to have the oldest mayor in the world. His reported age is 114 years, and he walks seven or eight miles at a time.

News is thus nutshelled by the Argonaut, a Texas paper. "Iredell is boozing, Walnut is growing, Valley Mills is howling, and Fowler is quiet."

Professor Alpheus S. Packard, of Bowdoin College, who is now in his eighty-fifth year, said the other day that he has never been ill a day in his life.

Southern farmers have been experimenting with tomatoes as food for cows, with very satisfactory results, and they consider it a preventive of cholera.

Included among the wedding gifts received by the "happy pair" of giants in Pittsburg, recently, was a 45-pound loaf of bread, two feet in diameter.

California wants more people, and the authorities have recently issued a pamphlet, stating that nearly 45,000,000 acres of land are open to settlement.

In Southern California boys engage in killing humming birds with slings loaded with pebbles or small shot. They get from 10 to 15 cents each for them.

A young lady student of the West Los Angelos University, who rides to and from school, has trained her horse to kneel when she vaults into the saddle.

Three Kentucky brothers were married the same day two years ago, and they came as near to simultaneously getting divorces as the courts would permit.

From the published reports of the various asylums in the United States, it appears that within the last ten years the number of insane persons has nearly doubled.

A Denver man has invented a street-car with a spring, which is wound up by the stopping of the car, and helps the horses by giving the car a shove ahead as it unwinds.

Penny messages are proposed in London by the United Telegraph Company, if the Government will take off the duty, which an additional half cent per message would cover.

HEADACHE, LANGUOR AND MELANCHOLY generally spring from a Disordered Stomach, Costiveness, or a Torpid Liver. Each may readily be removed by Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills, a few doses of which will be found to stimulate the Liver and Stomach to healthy action, remove all biliousness, and produce regular evacuations of the bowels.

Everleigh's Choice.

BY JOHN J. M'COY.

"OH, dear!" sighed Lottie Walworth, "I wish I was pretty, like Maud, or even talented like Clara! Fate don't seem to have done anything in particular for me!"

And Lottie looked with discontented eyes at her round face, framed in by sunny brown hair, her laughing hazel eyes and the saucy mouth, which was certainly a trifle too wide for the regulation size of beauty.

"It's got no more expression in it than an apple-dumpling," said Lottie vengefully "and no more regularity than one of mammie's blocks of patchwork! Maud will marry some rich man, as handsome as Apollo. Clara will be famous, while I—well, I suppose I must be good for something, or the Lord wouldn't have created me. But I'm sure I don't know what it is. So I'll see about doing up the Swiss muslin curtains for the best room, for if Mr. Everleigh is coming, the girls will want everything nice."

And while Lottie was fluting the trilled borders of Swiss muslin draperies, her thoughts wandered, girl-fashion, in the direction of possibilities.

Lottie had never seen this Claude Everleigh, but she had heard that he was very handsome, with a fine old-fashioned estate, which, Lottie fancied, must be like the ivy-mantled baronial castles, which she had read about in books, and a delicious tenor voice.

"Of course, he'll fall in love with Maud," thought she. "Nobody can help admiring her, she is so lovely. Or perhaps he is a genius, and he'll be interested in Clara. And how nice it would be to have a wedding in the family!"

And in her enthusiasm, Lottie burned her finger with the fluting-knife, and had to tie it up in a most unbecoming rag.

"Girls," said Mrs. Walworth, mournfully the next afternoon, "what is to be done? I've had all the paper torn off the best room wall, and now, Sappleford sends word that he can't possibly spare a man to paper it until a week from Monday, and Mr. Everleigh is to arrive on Saturday."

"Perhaps," hesitated Lottie, "if we explain to Mr. Everleigh just as matters are, he won't mind the ragged walls——"

"Impossible!" said the lofty-minded Clara.

"Lottie, I'm astonished at you!" said Maud, the beauty.

"I really don't quite know what to do!" sighed Mrs. Walworth. "And there's the rolls of paper, and the beautiful velvet bordering all lying in the closet. If it could only be hung, it would make the room quite elegant."

"It is such a pity," said Maud.

"That comes of having only one paper hanger in the town," said Clara, spitefully. "Of course, Sappleford knows he can have everything his own way. It's such an unfortunate thing you had the wall scraped mamma."

"I did it for the best," said poor Mrs. Walworth, almost in tears.

"Mamma, dear, don't fret," consoled Lottie. "Look here! I'll paper the room."

"You!" echoed Mrs. Walworth.

"Nonsense!" said Maud.

"Who ever heard of such a thing?" said Clara. "But our Lottie always was full of high-flown ideas."

"I believe I could do it, though," persisted Lottie. "Don't you remember how I papered the little store-room? And you know any sort of paper is better than a staring, blank wall."

"That is true," said Mrs. Walworth, her voice slowly rising out of the minor key. "What do you think, girls?"

"Why, we might let her try," said Maud, dubiously.

"Though she'll be pretty sure to ruin the paper," added incredulous Clara.

So Lottie was allowed to have her own way.

It was a rainy Thursday morning.

Mrs. Walworth had gone to the nearest linen-draper's to see about new towels and toilet covers for the guest chamber.

Maud was busy in the altering of a pink silk dress, trimmed with white lace, in the companionship of a fashion magazine and any quantity of paper patterns.

Clara had retreated into her sanctum sanctorum, a pretty, chintz-hung room at the top of the house, with a fine view of the hills and valleys behind to elaborate a poem which she was writing—a poem where there was a good deal of "purple sunset flush," and "showers of roses," for Miss Walworth imitated the Tennysonian school of poetry.

And Lottie, after stirring up a custard for dessert, and preparing a chicken for the girl to cook, had tied up her sunny hair in an impromptu turban consisting of an old stripped pocket-handkerchief, and invested herself with a prodigious bib-apron, which swallowed her up, as it were.

"Now, Norah," said she, "bring in the step-ladder and the pail of paste."

"Sure, miss, it's square work for a young lady," said Norah wagging her head.

"A young lady, Norah," answered Miss Walworth, didactically, "should be able to turn her hand to everything."

"But I thought young ladies didn't work in this country."

"On the contrary, Norah," retorted Lottie, "in this world its the ladies that work the most."

She was hard at work, mounted on the highest round of the ladder, hanging a particularly obnoxious strip of paper, which persisted in wrinkling itself after a most unprofessional fashion, her face splashed with paste, her hair escaping in elf-tendrils from under the turban, and her cheeks blazing red with excitement and eagerness, when a voice behind her nearly startled her off the step-ladder, and turning, she saw a gentleman, with a valise in one hand standing in the doorway.

Now, our Lottie had—as most girls have—a keen sense of the ridiculous, and for the life of her, she couldn't help bursting out laughing.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but you must think you have come into the wigwam of a Patagonian savage in full regimentals."

"I beg your pardon," he returned courteously, although there was a mischievous sparkle under his long eyelashes, that betokened his full appreciation of the situation, "but I knocked thrice at the door, and could make no one hear."

"Norah must have been out," said Lottie, "and my sisters never care to be disturbed of a morning. What is your business?"

As she propounded this query, she scrambled nimbly down from the ladder, and wiped the paste off her face.

"My business? Oh, I see—you do not know that I am your cousin—Mr. Everleigh."

"Mr. Everleigh!" Lottie turned rosy red to the very roots of her hair, tore off the turban, and cast the bib apron from her. "We—we didn't expect you to-day. Please to take a seat, and I'll call the girls."

"Why, you are one of the girls, aren't you?" he inquired.

"Yes—but I'm only Lottie," and away she flew like a spirit.

Miss Maud came down, looking deliciously cool, pretty and self-possessed.

Clara only stopped to remove a few ink stains from the middle finger of her right hand, with the aid of a bottle of vinegar, and to pin on a fresh ribbon bow.

Lottie, who received a sharp lecture from both of the girls as to the impropriety of allowing herself to be caught in so plebeian an occupation as papering a wall, crept to her room, to civilize herself a little.

"But for all that, when they're at dinner, I'll go back and finish the room," thought Lottie, to herself.

And she did.

"Well, dear," sighed Mrs. Walworth, "the room looks very well; very well, indeed. But it's such a pity you should have been caught in such *deshabille*."

"Oh, mamma, I don't mind that much. Mr. Everleigh don't come to see me—he comes to see Maudie and Clara. And I'm so glad this room is finished."

Mr. Everleigh stayed a week.

Then he returned to town for a few days, and came down in July for a month's visit, and all the time Maud and Clara, not being able to decide which of them he liked the best, were unable to repress a latent spark of jealousy in their fair bosoms.

"Lottie."

She was gathering blackberries in a big sun-bonnet, just where an apple-tree made a little spot of shade in the garden—and she started up in surprise at her cousin's voice.

"Maud has walked to the village," said she, "and Clara is reading in the honeysuckle arbor."

"But I didn't want to see either Clara or Maud. I want to see you. I wanted to ask you, Lottie, love, if you would be my wife."

"I!"

"Yes, you

"But I thought it was Maud you liked; or else Clara," faltered Lottie.

"No, it was little brown-eyed Lottie. Can you learn to care for me, dear? Can you trust your future life to me?"

And Lottie Walworth, with tears and blushes, owned that she did love her handsome cousin.

"But I never thought you could care for me," she protested.

"And why not?"

"Because I'm only Lottie."

And the little girl positively felt as if she had committed some great wrong towards her own stately sisters, in the fact that she had won Mr. Everleigh's heart away from them.

Maud was surprised.

"She had always supposed," she said, "that Lottie was cut out for an old maid."

Clara wondered that so cultivated a gentleman as Mr. Everleigh could possibly care for such a child as Lottie—a girl who had never even read the literature of the day, and couldn't jingle off a rhyme to save herself.

And Mrs. Walworth groaned and declared she didn't know how she could get along without Lottie in the housekeeping."

But Lottie was seriously happy.

"Do you know, Lottie, when first I fell in love with you?" asked Mr. Everleigh. "It was when I saw you standing on the ladder with cheeks like roses, and a splash of paste across your forehead."

RECIPE FOR FINDING A HUSBAND.—More common sense and less wit. More useful occupation and less music. More studies of the Mysteries of the Kitchen and less of the Mysteries of Paris. More mending of the shirts and stockings and less making of bracelets. Less display of toilettes that appal the purses of candidates for wedlock.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE of the Kidneys, Diabetes and other Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver, which you are being so frightened about, Hop Bitters is the only thing that will surely and permanently prevent and cure. All other pretended cures only relieve for a time and then make you many times worse.

Humorous.

Kidnapping—A baby sleeping.

When is a pig heavier than a pig? When it is led.

A duck of a wife often makes a goose of her husband.

A man lately applied at a butcher shop for a liver-pad.

How does a goose resemble a cow's tail? Both grow down.

All forms of Heart Disease have been cured by Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Price, $1.; 6 for $5.

Why are birds very much depressed early in a summer's morning? Because their little bills are all over due.

Brown says it's a wonder there is any truthfulness in the world, when mankind begins life while lying in the cradle.

"I am on the mend," says the needle to the cloak. "What ails me," was the reply, "is weariness for want of a nap."

Looking Through a Telescope.

Large crowds were observed last week gathered around a Telescope man at the corner of Eighth and Market streets. Our reporter stopped to ascertain the cause of so much excitement, paid his five cents for a look, and discovered across the face of the moon, at which the "scope" was pointed: "Best thing for a Cold—Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup." He just concluded that Dr. Bull was a high old advertiser, and that Bull's Cough Syrup was the best thing out. Some one had stuck a strip with those words across the end of the glass.—Philadelphia, Pa., Traveler.

The $30,000 Promptly Paid.

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 8, 1883. Cashier Bank of Kentucky, Louisville, Ky. Collect enclosed prize ticket of Henry College Lottery, drawn November 24, 1883, No. 78,330, drawing $30,000. H. Wadsworth, Treasurer Wells, Fargo & Co.

Office Henry College Lottery Co., Louisville, Ky., Dec. 17, 1883. Received of J. J. Douglas, of the Henry College Lottery Company, Thirty Thousand Dollars cash, in full payment for prize ticket No. 78,330, bought by E. M. Stallton, Master of Transportation, and George Crocker, Vice President, Central Pacific Railroad, San Francisco, Cal., drawn November 24, 1883. Bank of Kentucky.

Next grand drawing will take place in Louisville, Ky., Thursday, Jan 31st, 1884. $30,000 capital prize. Tickets only $2; Halves, $1. Address J. J. Douglas, Louisville, Ky.

Hughes' Corn and Bunion Plasters

Give instant relief, and effect a cure. (They are not pads to relieve the pressure.) Each 25 cents per box; twelve Corn or six Bunion in each box. Sent by mail on receipt of price. C. C. HUGHES, Druggist, Eighth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Speciflc permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 128 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL STATEMENT —OF THE— AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF PHILADELPHIA,

For the Year Ending December 31, 1883.

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	$186,861 06
Interest received from Investments, Rents, etc.	202,263 34
	$389,124 40

DISBURSEMENTS.

Life Losses paid	$130,197 66
Endowments and Annuities paid	7,061 69
Traveling Agents and Commissions	7,116 85
Salaries and Medical Examinations	18,880 00
Taxes, Licenses and Legal Expenses	12,428 41
Printing, Advertising, Stamps, etc.	14,589 13
Surrendered and Canceled Policies, Dividends and Notes voided by lapse of Policies	175,821 69
	$466,095 42

ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1884.

Mortgages upon Real Estate	$637,148 00
Stocks and Bonds	1,150,767 00
Real Estate, Office and Properties Bought to Secure Loans	482,050 00
Loans on Collateral, amply secured	321,906 97
Premium Notes secured by Policies	265,638 06
Net Deferred and Unreported Premiums	10,657 25
Cash on hand and in Banks	79,322 05
Accrued Interest to January 1	33,787 72
	$3,001,436 89

LIABILITIES.

Re-Insurance Reserve, at 4 1-2 per cent.	$2,239,585 00
Death Claims not yet due	36,221 00
Funds held in Trust	77,643 00
Net Premiums paid in advance	5,472 56
	$2,349,921 63
Surplus as to Policy-holders	651,515 26
	$3,001,436 89
Number of Policies in force	4,709
Amount at Risk	$7,105,842 00

GEORGE W. HILL, President.
JOHN S. WILSON, Secretary and Treasurer.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

For the cure of

SKIN DISEASES,

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. One Dollar Per Bottle.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.

DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,

RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

By Radways' Ready Relief.

MALARIA

IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,

FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

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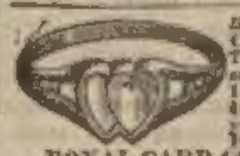

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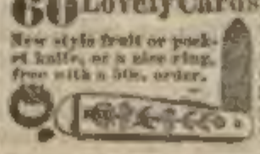

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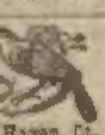

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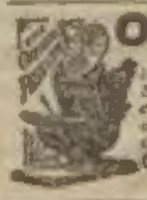

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

At some of the leading houses there are some beautiful dresses and mantles to be seen.

A pretty visiting costume is in heliotrope cloth, embroidered in silver, the design being large leaves; the skirt is draped over a prune velvet petticoat, and the short heliotrope bodice has a waistcoat with fine silver embroidery.

A handsome mantle is in brown damask cloth, with large revers and collar in Kamschatka seal; fur revers also on the sleeves; the back is plaited, and at the centre it opens the lining being brown satin.

Another beautiful pelisse is in bege cashmere, braided with the new crochet silk cord in the Oriental style; the front is ornamented with a thick chenilla boa; the lining is fraise satin.

This same crochet embroidery ornaments the skirt of thick silk, that are bordered with a large velvet bouillon.

Another novel embroidery is worked with silk in satin stitch on a net ground, the patterns being large; the net, which is either black, white, or colored, is draped on skirts as scarves or sashes.

The chenille embroidery, forming fruit, is exceedingly rich, and is appliqued on both bodices and skirts of satin dresses.

Black evening toilettes are again in favor now that low bodices are once more in vogue.

Black dresses made with low neck and short sleeves are found to be very becoming to both young and middle-aged wearers.

Satin, velvet, or the soft repped silks, such as Victorienne or Bengaline, or perhaps the costly Antwerp silks with finer reps, are the materials used for these black dresses; the trimmings are beaded net tablliers and lace flounces.

The low-pointed bodice is round at the top, comes below the tips of the shoulders, and is simply trimmed around; the sleeves are like epaulettes of lace, and stand upwards slightly.

Young ladies wear a demi-trained skirt with this dress, while those who are older wear a long and full train of straight breadths that are puffed out sharply on the large tournure.

Sometimes the pointed front of the bodice and the front breadths of satin skirts are entirely covered with jet drops that may be flowers of drooping shape, or may be only loops of beads strung close together.

Another variety is side panels made of hanging loops of satin ribbon, with a jet point sewed to each loop; chenille is also used like jet for pendants.

Another revival with black dresses is a yoke or shoulder covering of transparent net to match the half-long transparent sleeves; this is the compromise adopted by conservative ladies who do not wear low bodices.

Small figures of jet, steel, or of gold beads on black net are used for this purpose, and this forms an excellent plan for remodelling the basque or bodice of a black satin velvet dress that is partly worn.

The lace yoke may be round, pointed, or square below, and may be open at the throat in a low point, or else it may be finished with a full ruche of lace, quite high, around the neck.

Occasionally white Valenciennes yoke and sleeves are seen in black dresses, and there are also white satin dresses made with the yoke and sleeves of black lace; but these are very conspicuous, and are not as novel as the wide stripes of white satin with black repped silk now used for high Princesse dresses that may have either white or black lace gulmpes and sleeves.

Bright red satin is also used under black lace flounces or under jetted net for black dresses, while other have red satin with woven designs in jet or in fine garnet beads.

This beaded red satin is used for the upper part of the bodice, while black satin is arranged upon it below in cuirass shape, with straps across the shoulders; the three skirt breadths are made up of wide black satin plaits, like panels, inlaid with the beaded red satin, and the bouffant back breadths with the hip drapery are of plain black satin.

Black velvet dresses are made gay in the same way for young ladies for afternoon reception costumes with short skirts, and with these is worn a small black velvet mantle with a sort of gulmpe of the red satin, while the capote bonnet has a black velvet crown with pendant jet drops upon it, and a puffed red satin brim; black ostrich tips and a high red aigrette are the trimmings.

Feather borders are much seen on the skirts of dresses as well.

Flat borders of small coq plumes are made to represent a drooping fringe on the lower edge, with a narrow ruche-like row for a heading; these are handsome in black and very dark green shades for trimming the lower skirt of a velvet walking dress, and there should be a similar row on the long coat, the jacket, or mantle that accompanies it, and also on a muff of the material of the dress.

Another feather trimming is made of the fronds of ostrich feathers stripped from their quills and woven into a galloon, instead of being sewed there, and some of these are on elastic bands to make them more durable.

There are new fringes of feather with insertions to match, and separate feather ornaments, in some of which the head, neck, and breast of birds are seen at intervals.

Another novelty is a feather material, a fabric three-fourths of a yard wide, made of soft downy feathers taken from under the wings of birds and woven into a soft, pliable background, which is now used for the entire cloak, especially for evening cloaks and small shoulder capes.

Ostrich-feather borders of their natural gray-brown shades are used for trimming Titian red, blue, and gray velvet costumes, and are from three to seven inches wide.

The chenille fringes, with each sharply pointed strand tipped with jet, are in favor for trimming handsome cloaks, and there are also tips of balls or acorns of satin which give a rich effect, and are not heavy, they are made over cork.

New galloon of chenille in many loops has the appearance of glossy Astrakan borders, and is woven closely to prevent drawing or falling out.

The passementeries are in various combinations for trimming silks, velvets, and cashmere dresses; for instance, the plainest gimps are of twisted cords without beads, then there are others with beads added, also the glossy satin cord gimps with beads or with chenille, or perhaps merely of the satin soft pliable cords, while others are of chenille with jet, or of jets with scarcely anything else visible.

For rich black dresses of velvet or satin there are palm-leaf gimps of chenille with satin cords interwoven with jet; for trimming velvet panels there are detached flowers entirely of jet, or combined with chenille.

All speculation as to what will be worn this winter is at an end, and reliable information as to the actual modes du jour has been chronicled in this column.

We may, however, point out that there is, in the matter of dress proper, a decided feeling in favor of the simplicity of bygone days; we mean simplicity as applied to the arrangement of material only, for the richness and variety of the fabrics now produced—silks, satins, and brocades—coupled with their magnificent coloring and beauty of design, preclude all pretension to the use of this term on the score of economy or even moderate price.

Round plain skirts are much in vogue, and are especially suitable for the advantageous display of the designs and tints of the velvet-figured ottomans, brocaded velvets, brocatelles, and broche satins generally adopted.

For morning wear skirts are invariably made short, but afternoon, visiting, and evening toilets are worn longer than formerly, just resting on the floor.

Young ladies' ball gowns are prettily made of clouds of white, cream, or colored tulle, and are chiefly ornamented with a profusion of single blossoms scattered over the entire skirt, which is arranged "ballet" fashion in the prevailing style, the numberless petticoats being of equal length, and gathered into a pointed band of satin below the waist.

Other have the skirts covered with festoons of tulle, embroidered net, or spangled gauze, and these are decorated here and there with clusters of variegated feathers, fastened with carelessly-arranged bows of velvet satin-backed ribbons.

Fireside Chat.

LITTLE TRIFLES.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

An ebonised pail will be sure to be admired if painted with Marechal Neil roses in an artistic manner; but roses are always difficult to represent satisfactorily.

Very few persons can paint a rose to look as roses looks. The poor imitations are more like caricatures of the real flowers—wooden and heavy.

The great point is to draw the petals correctly, to give the curve and turn of each truly, and in the coloring to render the delicate texture as nearly as possible.

The milking coppices are colored according to fancy, either red or green, and on the seats designs are painted of birds, fish, or flowers.

Belgian sabots, too, are much in vogue at present for holding flowers. They form wall brackets, and can be painted any color to suit the general tone of the room in which they are to be placed.

The design of each one may be varied, but, for our part, we have a strong objection to any article that is intended as a flower receptable being decorated with a floral design done in a naturalistic style.

A set pattern of any kind is preferable, for the real flowers put the painted decorations so thoroughly to shame.

If flowers are used, at least let them be conventionalized. The sabot may be gilded first, and the design painted on the gold background.

They look smarter so, but hardly suit the modern style of furnishing. Small ferns can be set growing in them, and look pretty against a cream or light-colored paper; but cut flowers of brilliant hues will relieve best against a dark wall-paper.

Under the same category, we may mention corner cupboards, cabinets, and small tables.

With chalk or charcoal sketch your subject, then lay on your colors with a free, bold touch which is innocent of any sign of timidity.

Lay in the shadows and darker tints first, without paying too great attention to details, but keeping within the outlines and having regard to the truthfulness of the drawing.

Do not attempt to finish up the coloring in any one part at first, but put in the several necessary first tints over the whole until it presents a uniformly forward appearance which gives some idea of what the painting will be when completed.

When it is so far satisfactorily advanced, work it up with stronger tints and fuller combinations of color. The more free the handling, the more effective will be the determination.

The dazzling hues of the hummingbird's plumage, the softly-blended rainbow tints of the butterfly's wings, the golden bronzed warmth of autumnal foliage, the fresh pure green leaves, the snowy whiteness of the lily, the blush that culminates in the centre of the rose, the fiery scarlet of the poppy—all in turn serve well for decorative painting on wood.

Of silk and satin articles suitable for ornamenting with the brush there is scarcely any end.

Satchels, sachets of all kinds for scent, handkerchiefs, gloves, and night-dresses, covers for eau de Cologne bottles, parasols, fans, mats, chair-backs, blotters, and envelope cases, can all be made valuable in this way.

The blotting cases being of silk of two shades of the same color, or of two good contrasting colors, paint on the lighter portion a horse's head; on the envelope case paint the whip entwined round a horseshoe.

Another design would be a huntsman's cap, the head and brush of the fox.

For young men, designs may be done illustrative of their favorite pastimes, such as bat, ball, and wicket for cricketers; for rowing men, a bit of river scenery with the boat drawn up on the bank, or cutting swiftly along through the blue waters; for tennis players, the bat, balls, and net, and so on.

Necktie cases or boxes will also be acceptable if ornamented in the same style. The following, so far as we know, will be a novel present, at any rate, it is a very pretty one.

A round fancy wicker basket holds soft silken balls like so many oranges. These are in reality scent sachets, and may be all scented alike, or each one can be varied, when the basket will be perfumed like a nosegay.

In the latter case paint a flower on each ball that is in keeping with the scent with which it is perfumed; for instance, a white rose on one, violets on another. The basket also must be lined with the same colored silk.

Nightdress sachets are made very large, half a yard across and nearly as wide. They are edged with lace, a frilling of rich Valenciennes; on these monograms may be painted wreathed with flowers. For a present for a lady, whose name is Margaret, the design suggests itself, as also one for Lily, Rose, and Violet.

Eau de Cologne bottle covers can be made of cardboard, covered with silk or satin; the upper part is not stiffened, but is drawn up with a ribbon string round the neck of the bottle.

A little lace to finish off the top is an improvement. The design is painted before the case is made up.

One other idea we may suggest, and that is, that ladies should spend some of their leisure hours in decorating a pair of vases. We have seen some lately that took our fancy, the ware was bronze-colored, and gold was introduced in it. The color was apparently dabbed in after the style of the Barbotine ware, and the gold, lightly flecked on it, brightened it up charmingly. The only part of the work that falls to the amateur, is the decoration that is done in oil colors; but this, if well done, is the real attraction.

Correspondence.

GERALDINE.—Bow, and then seat yourself.

MURIEL.—It would be better for the lady to refuse to do so.

IGNORANTIA.—We are unable to give you the recipe you require.

DOLLY D.—George signifies "a cultivator;" Henry, "a great lord, a hero."

CONSTANT.—It is quite possible it might restore the growth; in any case, you can do no harm in trying.

GEORGE.—Write and ask the permission of the young lady's father, and if he thinks it proper he will consent.

MICROSCOPE.—You cannot see the wings of the beetle because they are folded up on its back and covered with horny cases.

ED.—We advise you to break the engagement. 2. You cannot consider him a friend, if he was he would not have acted in such a cowardly and mean way.

GAZETTE.—To water stock is to increase a company's capital stock by issuing new stock under pretense that the profits of the business warrant the increase.

W. HALL.—It is evident that in your case dancing is the cause of the giddiness of which you complain. You must give up dancing—at least you ought not to take part in round dances.

HISTORY.—Entomological specimens may be instantly and easily killed by dropping a bit of chloroform on the insect's head. No fluttering or relaxation of the muscles is perceptible.

I. C. B.—Have nothing more to do with the young lady who has treated you so shamefully. Let her keep your letters; by exposing them she will only expose herself, and do you no injury.

BETSY.—The author of "Home, Sweet Home," was John Howard Payne, native poet and dramatist. It is one of the songs that occur in his melodrama of "Clari," which was popular 60y years ago.

1. K.—Time will probably do more for you than anything else will. You should take plenty of exercise in the open air, and consume as much vegetable food as your digestive powers can healthily dispose of.

ALICE.—You should hear any reasons that your parents may urge in behalf of their views, and treat them with due consideration; but in making your final decision you should follow the dictates of your own heart and judgment.

S.—Lady Jane Grey was never crowned Queen of England, nor exercised monarchical functions. She was proclaimed Queen on the 10th of July, 1553, but relinquished the title nine days afterwards. Queen Mary was crowned at Westminster, October 1, 1553.

DORETTA.—The crozier or pastoral staff of a bishop is an emblem of pastoral care and authority. Properly speaking, it should be a staff surmounted with a cross, though it is often confounded with another form of staff surmounted with a hook.

SIGHT.—We have never had anything to do with clairvoyant doctors, and consequently have no information on which to base an opinion concerning them. But we have no faith in any pretensions to supernatural powers on the part of any body.

L. B. D.—It would be madness and most wrong to enter the state of wedlock with such feelings. The habit of mind and temper is unsuited for the domestic life. Give up the project. If you do not, there will be trouble in the future for two lives, and you will be the cause of the sorrow and injury indeed.

T. M.—Stammering is a trouble which may be caused by any of several defects in the organ of speech, or by want of power in the nerves that energize that organ. It is necessary to determine precisely the cause of the malady before measures can be taken for its cure. Consult an expert and experienced practitioner.

J. L.—Among persons of equal stations the younger are introduced to the elder, and inferiors in age, position, or influence are presented to superiors. Be very cordial when, in your own house, you are introduced to a guest, and offer your hand. If away from home, a bow is commonly sufficient recognition of an introduction. In performing an introduction speak both names with perfect distinctness.

SUB.—Conscience is part of ourselves, not something apart from our nature and simply indwelling. It is debased as the nature becomes debased, and may be lost, as an unhealthy body loses its natural appetite. There is no "inconsistency" in what we have said. Your misapprehension arises from the fact that you do not understand our phrase "inner experience of self." We do not mean experience of externals, but of self, the inner self, which is the image of the Creator.

FLEUR.—It should not be necessary to tell you that it would be foolish and wrong to unite yourself for life to a man whom you do not care for, and it is hard to believe that you ever cared very much for the man to whom you were engaged when you can write about the matter in so cool and calculating a manner. If, however, you think that your affection for your former lover, and his for you, is real and unchanged, and if you think that you could be happy with him, and make him happy, it would be better to settle your quarrel, and renew the engagement. A girl must lose in some degree in self-respect and delicacy by the breaking of an engagement of two years' standing, and forming another.

READER.—The Gulf Stream is really a river in the midst of an ocean; it starts from the Gulf of Guinea, crosses the Atlantic ocean, strikes South America, flows north through the Caribbean Sea, and into the Gulf of Mexico, then passes between Florida and Cuba, being at that point 5,000 feet deep. It then rises to the surface, and continues along the eastern coast of North America until it reaches Cape Hatteras. It then flows northeastward the west coast of Europe, moderating the temperature of England and France, and as far north as Norway. During the greater part of its course the warmth of the water is mainly on the surface, the colder currents of the Arctic ocean forcing the warm current to the top.